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GINGER TALKS

I—The Talks of a Sales Manager to His Men

By

WORTHINGTON C. HOLMAN

The Area Institute of Business Technology
AREA, ILLINOIS

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HERE is gunpowder in every man, if you can only get the spark to it.

There is latent power in every salesman—often more than he himself dreams he possesses. All that is necessary is to light the flame of his enthusiasm by showing him his own opportunities and possibilities.

Do but this much for him, and the hidden gunpowder within him will make him explode into sudden and irresistible action.

"Ginger Talks" are sparks to reach the gunpowder.

To John H. Patterson,

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED, IN RECOGNITION OF HIS GENIUS AS A TEACHER AND SALESMANAGER AND AS A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION OF THE TRAINING THE AUTHOR HIMSELF FORMERLY RECEIVED IN THE SALES AND ADVERTISING DEPARTMENTS OF THE NATIONAL COMPANY, AND FROM TWO YEARS OF MR. PATTERSON'S DAILY PERSONAL TUITION IN COMMITTEE AND DIRECTORS' MEETINGS.

W. C. HOLMAN.

WISH to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life —the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

FIRST GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

W. C. HOLMAN

FIRST TALK

ON the great clock of TIME there's but one word—NOW.
Let's take the instant by the forward top.
—SHAKESPERE.

YOU men who get the orders are the chaps who are supposed to keep the smoke coming out of the factory chimney. The volume of smoke emitted from our chimney during the past two summer months hasn't been large enough to darken the landscape to any great extent. Now that the dog days are over and the business-revival season has begun, we are addressing to you a short, sharp request on this subject: We want more smoke.

You are in this business to make money. So is the company. And

what we make we must make together. Ours is a mutual benefit association of the most extreme type, though we don't wear any insignia or put on dog in a lodge room. We can't increase our receipts from you without increasing your receipts from us. Every time we pocket the profit on a sale you pocket a commission.. All these things being so, we don't feel any coyness in urging you to get out and do a little wholesale hustling.

We haven't pushed you much for business during the last two months. July and August weather is supposed to put a check on fast traveling. So far as your arrival with orders is concerned, the figures show that most of you came in on the freight and a good many of you in the caboose at that. But this month we are running express. We are going through on schedule time, and there will be no stops for berry-picking.

We hope you were all down at the station bright and early this morning

when the whistle blew, and that everybody is on board the flyer who belongs there.

Get the right start. Hold a little convention with yourself, and make up your mind that the first ten days of the month shall produce as many orders as the last ten. It is just as easy to start to get business on Monday morning of the first week as it is on Tuesday afternoon of the third. Time in this business is capital. When you waste a day you are throwing away commissions that belong to you—you are committing petty larceny against yourself.

Get the right start. Take a leaf out of the Jap's book. The day that war with Russia was declared was the day that the little islanders began to fight. Their torpedo destroyers made their first dash into Port Arthur harbor before the ink was dry on the official pronouncement that a state of hostilities existed.

Admirals and pugilists know that

it's a great point in a fight to get in a good hard smash at the enemy as early in the game as possible. You've had a slack season in which many of you have taken things easy and rested up. You ought to be as full of fight as an unconquered game cock that has never had a taste of the gaff.

With all your knowledge of unanswerable reasons why merchants should handle our line, and with the accumulated energy and vitality that has been piling up inside you all summer, you ought to hit the first half dozen prospects you meet to-day like a landslide, and carry them completely off their feet. And when you've made a good start you ought to keep the good work up right through the month.

Don't hang around the office the first week waiting for the fellow to come in and buy. Go out and fetch him. He's there waiting for you; but he won't come unless you go after him. The man who waits for things

to turn up often turns up himself in the poorhouse or the jail. Of all men who should shake this waiting habit, the salesman is the chiefest. Business is like ore; you have to dig for it. You don't expect even the richest mine to waft nuggets to you on the spicy gales. Nuggets are usually anchored fast in a hard hillside and it takes a lot of good stiff pick-and-shovel work to loosen them up and start them rolling down the hill. It's the same way with orders. If it were not, we wouldn't pay commissions to a force of salesmen. Nothing is going to roll your way unless you go out and start it yourself.

You may be handicapping yourself at the start by the feeling that you haven't as good a chance as some other fellow. Salesmen have a way of cracking up other men's territories and taking a knock at their own. It is always the far pasture that looks greenest, but you will generally find when you actually set foot on the dis-

tant field that the color turns out to be about the same shade of dull green verging on brown that tinted the patch you left. It isn't the territory that gets orders—it's the man.

There is a tale extant of a soldier who broke his sword in a battle. He had been putting up a poor sort of a fight anyway, and when his blade broke off in the middle he threw the remaining half of the sword away and took to his heels, remarking: "I can't fight with that thing." A fellow soldier who had been defending himself as best he could with a short dagger, seized the discarded sword with a whoop of joy and made such rattling good play with it that he put to rout both his own antagonist and the man who had fought with his runaway companion.

Some men can do more with a broken sword than others with a complete arsenal of perfect weapons. The opportunities that some of us would throw away as useless, other men

would find it impossible to fail with. Every sales manager can point to scores of territories where four, five or six men failed, one after the other, before the right man came along and made a barrel of money. The possibilities of those territories were there all the time; but the men that failed couldn't see them. They didn't look hard enough.

Someone has truly said that while Opportunity knocks at least once at every man's door, the party inside has no right to expect the panels to be kicked in. And it may be added that if the expectant party is a salesman he had best not wait inside at all. The only way in which he can ever hope to catch a glimpse of Opportunity is to get outside the door and do a lot of active searching for her up and down the street.

We advise you to begin your search to-day. When we balance up our books at the end of the month, you want to be on the right side of the

ledger. The first essential in the process of getting there is to start now. You can't secure orders in the past or in the future; you must get them TODAY.

SECOND GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

ENTHUSIASM BREAKS ALL BONDS.

GULLIVER was a giant whom the dwarfs captured while he was napping by binding him with tiny threads. Each man was a trifle which he could easily have snapped by itself. But he didn't wake, and the dwarfs wound the threads around him in such number that at last he found himself a prisoner. Are you a modern Gulliver? Do you lack enthusiasm? Are you letting the devils of indifference get the best of you? If so, wake up and scatter them.

SECOND TALK

THE salesman's personal force is an influence that emanates directly from his own unlimited belief in his proposition. It is the magnetic power of sheer earnestness.

SAND in a hurry, please, gentlemen! We need it in no uncertain quantity on this toboggan slide we've struck. It's time to stop slipping back and begin to climb. A few more slumps like that of yesterday and we shall hit the bottom, with the quota for the month lost beyond recovery.

And we had so much faith in you at the start-off two weeks ago! We believed that when the month's returns were all in, the sales department would have to go up in a balloon to read your scores. That's

where you fooled us. There has been nothing high this month except our hopes. We've been thinking it all over—hard. And now we want to say a few plain, helpful words to you. Let each man paste them in his hat, and wear them around until they strike in through the top of his head and become a permanent part of his mental equipment.

A chief quality of a successful salesman is earnestness. The reason you are not selling more goods to merchants is that you haven't all sold yourselves yet. You've got to believe in your product yourself before you can make anyone else believe in it. It's no use to try to start a flame of enthusiasm in somebody else if your own mind is full of icy doubts.

Why did that man over on the avenue turn you down yesterday morning? Because he could tell by the look in your eye that you half expected him to do so. And the fellow you called on in the afternoon sized

you up the same way. You didn't get anywhere near him. He listened to what you said—but it was with a cold and fishy eye. True, he nodded his head in assent as you talked—but two minutes after you started his mind was wandering. And when you came to put your finger on him at the end to get the order signed, he was like the Dutchman's famous flea—he wasn't there.

You had lost him. You hadn't impressed him—why? BECAUSE YOU HADN'T BEEN IMPRESSED YOURSELF. And he knew it. You couldn't fool him. He didn't feel any electric sparks of enthusiasm jumping the space from your mind to his. Nothing but a live wire could give him a sensation, and you were trying to magnetize him with words of wood.

You put up a smooth-enough line of talk, yes—but there wasn't any conviction back of it. It takes belief, earnestness, enthusiasm, warm human personality, to sell goods. If it

didn't we'd discharge all our salesmen and enlist a force of phonographs, or a troop of wooden Indians.

Now here's our word to you. Don't you try to sell any more goods to business men. You go off around a corner somewhere, where you can be alone, and sell YOURSELF a line of the article we make. Think over its value; realize it; burn it into your mind. Enumerate its good qualities one after the other; get a realizing sense of each one. Consider what our product will do for a business man, the money it will make for him, the saving it will effect. Sweep out of your mind, like so many cobwebs, any apologetic feeling regarding it. You are not trying to persuade the business man to waste money. You are not trying to trick or cajole him into doing something that he can't afford to do. You are selling him something that he needs. You are helping him to increase his profits. You are do-

ing him as great a favor as he does you.

Say these things over to yourself. Think them in your heart; realize them—they're all true. Light the flame of your enthusiasm and fan it into a good brisk blaze. Then, when you've sold yourself, when you believe in your own proposition, heart and soul—go back and tackle that same man a second time. Greet him quietly and courteously. Tell him that you don't believe you made your proposition quite clear when you saw him before—and begin again. You are in earnest this time. He'll feel the change. There'll be an atmosphere about you that will carry respect. He'll listen to you. His mind won't wander any more than the mariner's needle wanders from the pole.

Make your arguments actual and personal. Bring them home to him. Stab every point into his mind so that he can't miss it or forget it. Make him feel each one.

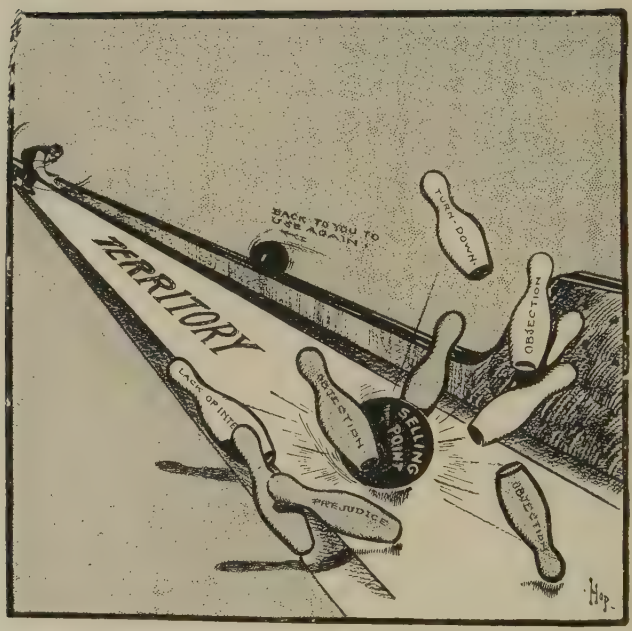
There's as much difference between understanding a thing theoretically and having a practical sense of it as there is between a boxer's love-tap and a prize fighter's deadly punch in the solar plexus. And it takes solar plexus punches to sell goods these days. Merchants are hard-headed and thick-skinned, and they're all in training against you salesmen. You can hit as smilingly and gracefully as you please, but you've got to hit hard to get inside an up-to-date business man's guard.

You haven't half made your point with your man if when you get through he looks upon our product merely as something he would do well to use in his business. Make him feel that he CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT. Make him see that he's losing valuable time and labor in his place of business—that real dollars are slipping through his fingers every day he is without it. Many a man who won't reach out very hard

for an extra dollar will grab hold mighty hard of the dollar he already has, and holler murder if anyone tries to take it away from him. If you can once show a man that he is actually losing money, and that you can stop the loss, you won't need to supply him with any enthusiasm—he will take fire himself like a lace curtain in a gas jet. But you've got to be earnest in making these facts plain to him. Enthusiasm—conviction—earnestness—these are the qualities that sell goods, and do everything else worth doing. "Nothing great was ever done without enthusiasm."

There are two weeks left in the month. If you men all get to work today with the right spirit, there may yet be time to arrange for that balloon ascension of the sales department after all.

THIRD GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN



THE SALESMAN'S BOWLING-ALLEY.

YOU know what it is that enables you to make a ten-strike in the bowling-alley of your territory and sweep all the pins off the board. You have done that stunt time and again by aiming an irresistible selling point, a clean-cut argument, so straight and true that your customer's prejudices and objections were scattered helter-skelter Pains, practice and perseverance are necessary to develop the ability to send the ball down the middle of the alley. The new year has begun—a new tournament has started. Are you going to try for the championship?

THIRD TALK

YOU can read my book in an hour, but it cost me a lifetime of concentrated attention. I made it my study by day and my dream by night, the alpha and omega of my aims and objects. So must a man study to do any work well.—MONTESQUIEU.

THE first rule for driving a nail into a board is to get your eye on the nail. Similarly, the first rule for driving a fact into a man's mind is to see that fact clearly yourself. It takes a long time to explain what you don't know. A man can't sail a catboat in a straight line unless he picks out some particular object to point at, and a salesman can't talk with any effect unless his mind is fixed on definite, specific ideas.

It isn't enough, when you begin to

talk a proposition, to have a general idea of what you are going to say.

Suppose a hunter out with a gun should remark, "I know in a general sort of way what I am aiming at. I've got a kind of an idea of where I want these pellets to go. I'll start in and shoot a few rounds at random, and after I have been firing for a while I'll begin to find out what I want to hit."

If there were a thousand birds within range of his gun, that kind of hunter couldn't bag enough game to furnish a stray kitten a square meal.

I'm convinced from a study of last month's selling records that a good many of you men talk generalities about our product to prospective customers. If you got down to brass tacks and put its advantages before them in definite, specific fashion, it would be impossible for you to lose out on so many sales. The specific merits are there in the goods as thick as plums in a pudding. But nobody

is going to see them unless you point them out.

The trouble with some of you is that you don't see all these points clearly yourself. Your eyes are out of focus—you don't know your own product. You've got a general sort of an idea that it's a good thing, and you can talk a lot of loose hot air about it. But you don't get down to hard pan and make the customer see just what it will do and exactly what each one of its advantages means to him. If you did you wouldn't have to sell it—it would sell itself.

The first rule for selling an article is to know the article. Know it inside and out, at every angle and from every point of view. Have a chart of its good points worked out in your mind, carefully classified down to the last detail. Know three unanswerable arguments, a couple of sets of figures and a handful of illustrations to enforce every point. Never stop studying your product. Every time you

look at it hard you'll see something new in it that's good, or some new and telling way of driving an advantage home in the mind of a prospective customer.

The second rule for selling an article is to know all the objections to it and the answer to every one of them before you face a customer.

There's some good answer to every objection, if you can only lay hold of it—remember that. We've sent you a book full of these—get them all into your head. Study them up in advance before you make your calls. Never let a customer spring an objection on you that will take you by surprise. Whenever he throws out an objection, your answer ought to go back at him as a return ball rebounds into a boy's hand when he throws it at the sidewalk. You are at the bat, and the customer is trying to strike you out. No matter what kind of a ball he pitches you, it's up to you to hammer his delivery. See that you

make good hot line hits—don't pop up any feeble flies or fouls.

You should be so familiar with the answer to each objection that it will automatically jump into your mind and out at your lips when the proper moment comes, just as an actor's speech springs into life when he hears his cue.

But don't let your familiarity with the answer dull your appreciation of its value, or get you into a mechanical way of repeating it to the customer. If you want him to sit up and take notice, you must tell it to him as impressively as you would announce that a long-lost uncle of his had just died and left him a fortune.

Half-way knowledge is all right if you only want to go half-way to the goal of success. If you want to get across the line and score a touchdown, you've got to know the fine points of the game as you know your own front hall in the dark. You can't

compromise on a knowledge of the price list.

These college kickers who score the long goals from the field that forty thousand people travel miles to see didn't pick up the ability casually. The trick looks easy enough. You see the lad take a couple of quick steps and the ball goes sailing across the bar for four points and a victory. It's all over before you can catch your breath. But before the young man learned to take those two steps and swing his foot just right he put in a lot of time in sharp practice and hard work, kicking his leg off in futile efforts to catch the knack of it.

It takes a lot of deep study and a long spell of hard trying before you can learn to do anything in this world that's worth doing.

There's one man who knows a lot about your business and doesn't charge anything for imparting his knowledge. That fellow is the user of your article. He is generally a keen

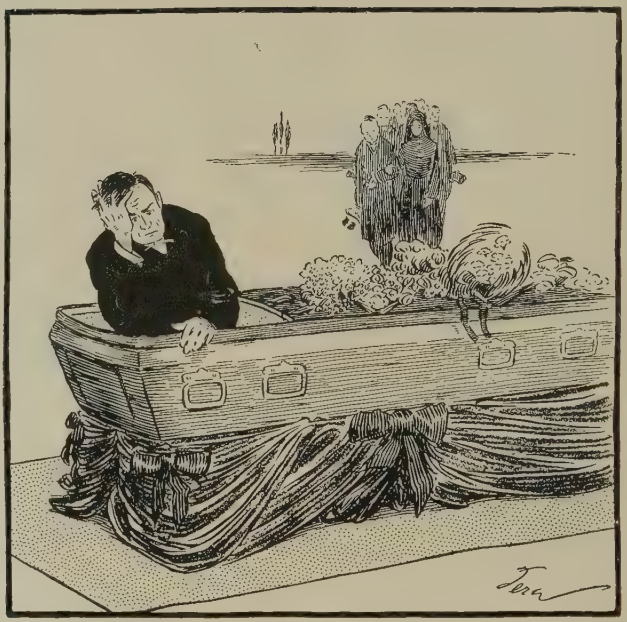
observer, and if you go at him right it's an easy matter to get good suggestions from him. It pays to be friendly with a user. Ask him questions. He'll know what he is talking about because he has his money invested in your article, as against your knowledge, and it's dollars to doughnuts that a man is going to keep his eye on his investment and try to learn all he can about it. Go around and see him when you have a spare ten minutes. Your interview will pay you in dividends of knowledge. The salesman who stores up more knowledge of his business in his mental warehouse than is necessary to make his quota is banking extra capital with which to buy a better position with his company.

This business is like a human nature. It has a good many more twists and knots in it than show on the surface.

There's only one way to get a grasp on them, and that can be summed up

in two words "Study and Work." Hard work has been invented a long time, and in a good many thousand years nobody has ever been able to invent a satisfactory substitute for it. If there is any shorter cut to success in this business, we shall be indebted to the salesman who will wire it to us at once at our expense—and he needn't send a night message either.

FOURTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN



ONE KIND OF DEAD MAN.

SOME men are dead long before they are buried. It is a delusion that a man has to wait fifty or sixty years to die. If the spirit of the man—the soul of hope and courage within his breast has been extinguished, he is as dead as he ever will be, even though his body continues to walk the streets. His relatives and friends might just as well get together and hold a funeral service over him now as any time. He has allowed his light to flicker out—the vital spark has fled. He has lost the essential quality of life and manhood—Courage.

FOURTH TALK

THE law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife; it is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

NAPOLEON was no prouder of the matchless soldiers who conquered Europe under his command than our company is of the salesmen who have made good in this business.

You are our Old Guard.

Whenever any of you come in from the firing line for a call at headquarters we feel like ordering a royal salute of twenty-one guns.

Once in a while, however, we receive a call that makes us want to

drape our colors with black and play a slow sad dirge.

Yesterday one of our salesmen came in and informed us that he had about made up his mind to quit the business; said he found it too hard to make sales; didn't think there was much demand for our goods—couldn't seem to find any in his territory; hated to be turned down so often—had come to expect to be turned down every time he made an approach; guessed he'd try some other business—don't know just what—hadn't decided yet—but didn't think there was any use of staying on with us.

We had him inspect our monthly sales statement and note the long list of men who are making money selling our product. We also pointed out to him figures showing that the man who had his territory before him had cleaned up large commissions.

Well, that might be, he said. But he thought ours was a hard business to make good in, nevertheless;

couldn't seem to make a go of it himself—guessed he'd try something else. Would be willing to stay, however, if we'd take him off commission and put him on a salary.

Ten minutes later he was out of our employ for all time.

Some men are dead long before they are buried. It is a delusion that a man has to wait fifty or sixty years to die. If the spirit of the man—the soul of hope and courage within his breast, has been extinguished, he is as dead as he ever will be, even though his body continues to walk the streets.

This salesman is one of that kind of dead men. His relatives and friends might just as well get together and hold a funeral service over him now as any time. He has allowed his light to flicker out—the vital spark has fled. He has lost the essential quality of life and manhood—COURAGE.

Of course he can't sell any more goods. No man can who lacks grit.

An agreeable presence, a pleasant manner, the tactful ability to approach men without rubbing them the wrong way—these all count for nothing unless supported by nerve and backbone.

A salesman without nerve is like a jelly fish. The jelly fish is an inoffensive sort of animal, with no disagreeable qualities to excite prejudice; but he has no spine. Consequently his only possible method of progression is to drift. He washes along with the slow tide and never arrives anywhere. When there is anything worth while doing in the fish world, Bro. Jelly fish is never among those present.

There is a point here for all salesmen if they are willing to see it—and the good men are. The others we don't bother about.

Selling goods is a battle, and only fighters can win out in it. We may not like these conditions, but we didn't have the making of them, and we can't alter them. They are Na-

ture's laws. It is just as well that we can't change them. A fight has valuable uses for those who have the nerve to take part in it. Nothing develops strong qualities like opposition. Kites always rise against the wind, not with it. No man ever worked his way in a dead calm. Courageous men know this. They glory in manly strife, providing only it is fair. The world in general loves a fighter and hates a quitter. It takes off its hat to the man who dares, and stands aside to make respectful room for him whenever and wherever he appears. All other men it tramples on.

Think these truths over, Brother Salesman. Take your courage with you when you enter the selling game. If you don't you'll strike out every time you come to bat, and score nothing higher than a string of goose-eggs. No man ever made a three-base hit who was afraid of the pitcher—remember that. The fellow who knocks the cover off the ball, or lifts

it over the fence for a home run, is always the chap who steps up to the plate with grim determination in his heart. He has no more awe of the lightning shoots that hurtle by him than as if they were so many darting swallows on the wing.

You must have this same grim spirit of determination every time you go to land a sale. You must approach every customer expecting to encounter indifference, prejudice, objection, strenuous opposition. Be prepared to meet these—go loaded for bear. Then you cannot be disheartened. Believe that under the guise of a polite interview you are going to have A FIGHT. Either you or the other fellow will come out of it victor. Set your jaw and determine that you will be that man.

Say to yourself, whenever you approach a customer: " This man ought to use my product. It will be to his advantage to do so. He doesn't know this now; he won't believe it when I

first tell it to him. I don't expect him to. If he had had any desire for my product he would have bought it before, and there would be no sense in my calling on him. It is precisely because he doesn't want it that I am here, and for no other reason in the world. It is my business to make him want it. Like many another man, he doesn't know his own best interests. Millions of men go contrary to their best interests every day—willfully blind to the things that would help them and make them better off. I can increase this man's profits, and I am going to make him realize it. There will be a fight, but I shall win out, and when it is over we shall both be better off."

Suppose you fail after all to make the sale. What then?

Well, suppose the full back in a football game fails to make his distance when given the ball for a plunge. What then? Down at the bottom of the heap, with a dozen men

piled on his legs, he hears the referee call out, "No gain!" Does the young man lie still on the ground and mutter, "No use! I can't break that line. I guess I'll retire from the game"?

Not much! There is only one thought in the dogged brain above that bull-dog jaw—only one request its owner has to make of the quarterback: "Give me the ball again! I failed before, but I'll smash that line this time or know the reason why!"

Pound! Pound! Pound he goes at the fighting guards and tackles, barely making his two yards at each charge. But the repeated attacks soon begin to tell. Suddenly the weakening line opposed to him gives way altogether, and he bursts through like an exploding cannon shell and dashes away for a touch-down.

Pluck scored that touch-down—sheer grit, courage, nerve, determination.

These are the qualities that win football games, and these are also the

qualities that sell goods, and do everything else worth doing.

The fact that a man has repeatedly said "No" to you is no sign that he won't say "Yes" if you go back at him once more with a little better aim and ammunition. The Japs charged 203 Meter Hill a dozen times before they finally carried it, then lost it—and regained it again. After that they held it. The Duke of Wellington remarked, during the awful carnage at Waterloo: "Hard hammering, gentlemen! We'll see who can hammer longest!" Almost every great thing ever done was wrought into a success after a string of failures. It is ceaseless pounding that puts things through. It is the tired runner that forces himself to sprint at the finish who wins the race. And it is the salesman who has the nerve to return to the charge after repeated failures who finally turns defeat into victory.

Courage! That's what every sales-

man needs. Without it you might as well quit the business. You must have courage—courage to approach men for the first time, courage to go back to them, courage to keep after them until they are landed; courage to believe in your ultimate success as a salesman, and courage to fight for it day after day until you realize it—courage to keep on pushing toward the goal through all discouragements and over all obstacles. No success can be withheld from the salesman with grit—no achievement is too high for him to reach.

Success is a matter of red corpuscles in the blood—that's all.

FIFTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

DON'T DROP THE ANCHOR!

WHEN a salesman hits his office in the morning he ought to grab his sample-case and fly out again as a rubber ball bounces out of a barrel. The place for him to put in his time is where the money is—among his possible customers. His chances for making money are all outside his door. A loss of two hours a day means before the end of the year two whole months crossed off the calendar and the loss of two months' entire commissions.

FIFTH TALK

THERE is not an hour of life but is trembling with destinies—not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron.—RUSKIN.

ONE of the things a man has to learn before he can achieve any large success in this world is the value of time.

A good many of you salesmen go on the principle of old man Methuselah. Methuselah never moved out of a walk. Whenever he had anything to do he took his time about it. If he wanted to sit down and rest, or gossip with the neighbors for awhile, or knock off work altogether and go fishing for a year or two, he did it. There was always time enough to fin-

ish what he had been working on when he came back.

This sort of thing was all right in his case, but your case isn't exactly parallel. Methuselah had a good deal more time to be reckless with than you have—about nine hundred odd years more, if I remember my boyhood Sunday-school lessons aright. He could afford to slop around and lose a couple of hundred years without accomplishing anything; when he got through he had still a small matter of seven hundred years or so up his sleeve.

You are no Methuselah. If you waste a day or two every now and then, you are going to run out of time in a little while. The days in which you can sell goods, or do anything else with all your might, are few enough at best. Youth doesn't last forever. Enthusiasm gets cold and energy begins to walk on crutches as a man grows older. You want to make every day count. The hours

flash by as fast as telegraph poles fade away behind a night express, but a good many of you chaps are like the passengers that snore in the Pullman sleepers—dead to all realization of the speed with which you are traveling. I'm the porter, trying to wake you up before you reach the end of the road.

A good many salesmen begin to waste time as soon as they roll out of bed in the morning. It takes them longer to get a-going on a day's work than it takes a played-out freight engine to start a train of forty coal cars on an up grade.

The conscientious study which these men bestow upon the morning paper at breakfast would make the proofreader's inspection seem like a mere casual glance.

They feel it a sacred duty, before they start out after orders, to post themselves minutely on recent events in Thibet, the late progress of astronomical research, Bryan's chances of

being elected President in 1916, the rumors that Jimmy Britt has changed his training diet, and the latest details of the massacres in Armenia.

If some salesmen took the same feverish interest in business that they take in Willie Keeler's batting average, and followed up customers as closely as they follow the number of strike-outs chalked up to the credit of Iron Man McGinnity, they'd have a lot more money coming to them in commissions at the end of the month.

Prolonged study of the newspapers in the morning never helped a salesman to secure a collection of customers' autographs in the lower right-hand corners of his order blanks. A glance over the headings and the reading of an article here and there is all that is necessary to keep an intelligent man in touch with progress.

There's only one worse place than the breakfast table to spend an hour or two reading a paper or discussing its contents and that's down at the

office. When a salesman hits his office in the morning he ought to grab his sample case and fly out again as a rubber ball bounces out of a barrel. The place for him to put in his time is where the money is—among his possible customers. His chances for making money are all outside his door. He should get out on the street and stay there—unless he can bring a customer to the office with him.

Yet the average salesman haunts his office as if he were tied to it with a string. His first act on his arrival in the morning is to anchor himself at the desk and plunge into a mass of details. A clerk at seven or eight dollars a week would relieve him of all this work and shift the mail matter that comes in so that only essentials would be called to his attention. The extra commission he could earn in the time saved would pay the clerk's wages and leave a good-sized balance to salt down in the bank.

But the salesman can't see it. He

never has done this, so why should he make a change now? The good old way is good enough for him—the same old gait is fast enough—a quiet, easy jog like that of grandfather's mare. What's an hour or two in a whole day? The salesman lights a good cigar and wades through his mail—all of it—business letters, personal letters, advertising pamphlets, stray magazines—everything he finds on his desk.

Then he answers a few telephone calls, writes a couple of personal letters, asks a friend who drops in how he liked the show the night before and gets his opinion of the weather, converses at length with Tom, Dick and Harry, who call to ask him to buy something or do something or see something, and hears the courthouse clock clang out ten long strokes before he finally puts on his hat and goes out to make some money.

Only two hours gone! But two hours spent in learning new sales

arguments every morning would have transformed that agent inside of six months into a selling wizard, able to coax money out of a customer's pocket as easily as Herr Hermann draws rabbits and coon babies out of a top hat.

A loss of two hours a day means before the end of the year two whole months crossed off the calendar and the loss of two months' entire commissions.

Sitting in an office chair ought to be a dull sort of amusement to a man who is losing money. But a good many salesmen seem to be fitted out with an abnormal sense of humor.

Some of you chaps can charge up the loss of a great deal of valuable time to the fact that you are such good fellows. You meet a friend on the street who asks you to stand up somewhere and partake of a little liquid refreshment at his expense. Then he leads you into a quiet corner where there's a table and a couple of

chairs and keeps you corralled for an hour, entertaining you with a variety of conversation, none of which puts any money in your pocket.

You would call for the police if anyone stole your pocketbook; you'd shoot the man who broke into your house and tried to carry off your silver; you'd risk a bullet to save your watch from a hold-up man. But your time, the most valuable thing you possess—your time, the raw material out of which you can make, if you use it properly, a thousand watches or a row of houses with a rent roll—this you will let any casual acquaintance steal from you in any quantity at any time, and you will throw in a cheerful smile to show there's no hard feeling—if he merely takes the precaution to begin by asking you to have a drink.

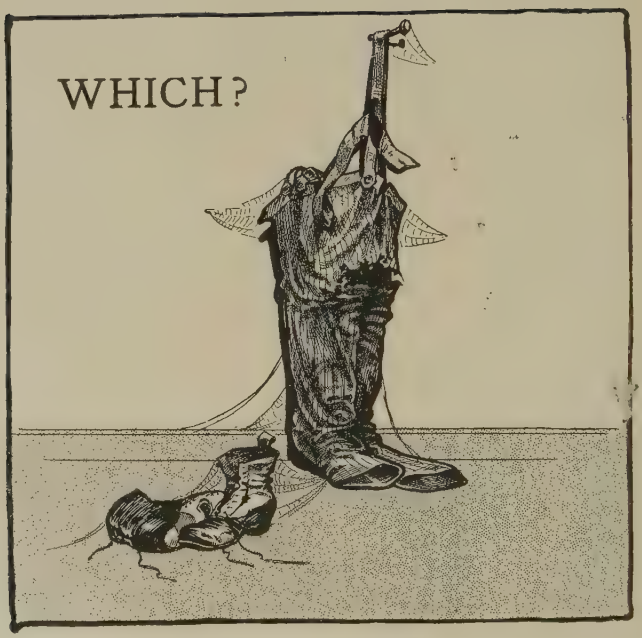
Your time is your capital, your stock in trade. It is the only kind of capital that costs you nothing to get and everything to lose. The success-

ful salesman hoards minutes and hours as a miser hoards gold. The spendthrift of time is a sure candidate for failure.

Boring crawfishes have ruined more dykes than sudden tempests. It is the little things that count. The loss of ten minutes here, an hour there, a day there, will sink any man's ship of success in the end. The salesman who lets the habit of killing time fasten on him is assassinating his main chance of getting on in the world.

A good many salesmen who aim at success are mere tendencies all their lives. Be an Accomplished Fact. You never can do so till you learn the value of time.

SIXTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN



THE STAR SALESMAN'S SECRET

THE tail-ender of the sales force, who had been sitting around hoping that business would spruce up, put this question to the star salesman of his concern: "How do you manage to get so many orders, while I don't seem to get any at all?"

"Well," said the other, dropping his voice to an impressive whisper, "I make it a point to wear out the soles of my shoes instead of the seat of my trousers. That's one of the fine distinctions that some people overlook."

SIXTH TALK

THE door to the temple of success is never left open. Every one who enters makes his own door, which closes behind him to all others.

—The ship never comes in to the loafer on the dock.

IT WAS the Tail Ender of the sales force who approached the Star Salesman of the organization one day and asked, "How do you manage to make such big sales, while I can't seem to sell enough goods to pay expenses?"

"Well," said the holder of many medals, "there's a secret about it. I've been in the business a good many years, and I've finally solved the selling puzzle. You are a new man, and I'm willing to give you a pointer. But remember that it's a secret."

"I will," said the Tail Ender, beaming with eager anticipation. "Now for the answer: How do you manage to be so successful?"

The Star Salesman dropped his voice to an impressive whisper. "I'll tell you," he said. "I always make it a point to wear out the soles of my shoes instead of the seat of my trousers."

In selling goods, as in every other line of human activity, nine-tenths of the prescription for success consists of plain everyday honest hard work.

Some salesmen seem unable to absorb this simple truth. A good many never make the attempt. Philosophers long ago gave up seeking for the principle of perpetual motion, but there are a lot of salesmen who are still hoping to discover some principle of perpetual rest. Every sales force has its complement of floaters, drifters, waiters and dreamers—luck-seekers who hope to ride into the harbor of success on the crest of some

fortunate wave that will relieve them of the necessity for effort.

They forget that the current runs always out of that harbor, not into it. If a salesman wants to get his boat past the frowning headlands at the entrance he's got to settle down to a long spell of hard rowing. He's bound to have blistered hands, a tired back, before he can step ashore on the golden sands, and he might as well make up his mind to it first as last.

No amount of talent will free a man from the necessity for hard work. Daniel Webster said: "I have worked twelve hours a day for fifty years." Humboldt rose at four o'clock in the morning for thirty years. During most of his life, into which were crowded the achievements of a hundred men of giant intellect, Napoleon slept only four hours a night. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who made two hundred million dollars, was asked the secret of success. "There's no secret

to it," he answered. "It's just dig, dig, dig." When some one said to Edison, "Don't you believe that genius is inspiration?" the man who has taken out more patents than any other inventor who ever lived replied: "No, genius is perspiration." In this world a man can't get something for nothing. He may do it once, but if he attempts to make a living on that principle he's bound to land eventually in the morgue, the poor house or the jail. You can have as much success as you like, but you've got to be willing to pay its price in the only coin that passes current in the market where it is sold—hard work.

There's only one way to make luck come your way, and that is to go out after it with a sand bag, as a hold-up man goes out after victims. No one is going to besiege your house at night in a frantic effort to get in and force orders on you. There are bunches of money hanging on every tree in the Forest of Prospective Customers, but

whistling won't entice any of it into your pockets. You've got to climb a tall trunk for every dollar, and be willing to skin your knees and bark your shins all the way up.

A salesman's territory is like a corn field; it won't yield a harvest without cultivation. Weeds are the only crop that will come up of themselves. The Indian squaw who used to scratch over the soil in the tribal corn patch with a stick, drop a few casual grains of corn here and there and go off in the wake of a hunting expedition until harvest time, never needed any towering granaries to contain the crop she raised. If her pack of starveling pappooses got a dozen square meals all around as a result of her entire season's farming they could count themselves lucky above the ordinary lot of red-skinned youngsters.

It is the same way with a salesman's cultivation of his territory. The man who expects to secure results in his field must get out into it promptly at

sun-up, and stay until sun-set. He must be willing to work on occasion by the light of the moon. He must do a lot of preparatory plowing and harrowing among his prospective customers. He must have the right kind of argument for seed, and throw it out with both hands. He must coax the reluctant soil with daily caressing touches of an ingratiating and vigorously wielded hoe. When he gets his crop started he must sprint all over the field early and late to keep the weeds down. The amount and quality of the harvest he gathers will depend entirely on the amount and quality of the effort he expends in bringing it up. There is absolutely no other factor that counts in the result.

I say quality of effort. It isn't enough for a salesman merely to keep busy; he must keep busy in the right way. He must use system and method in his work. It isn't enough to be

always doing something. You've got to get something done.

Some salesmen are like nothing so much as a switch engine in a freight yard. No matter how much they puff up and down they never get anywhere in particular. The wheels go around all right and the bell rings, and the whistle is blowing all the time, but there is never any progress toward a definite destination.

These men are always snowed under in a drift of unfinished effort—lost in a wilderness of loose ends and criss-cross purposes—swamped in a mire of rag-tag and bob-tail. Selling goods is no catch-as-catch can game. It is high art based on distinct scientific principles, and the first rule of the game after you learn the various holds is to work out a definite plan of strategy in using them.

How many salesmen go at their work in life backwards, as a woman gets off a moving street car? It is not strange when you think of it that both

meet with sudden and unexpected disaster. A little forethought and planning will save a lot of running about. A little clear seeing will save a whole lot of looking.

A great railroad recently did three hundred thousand dollars of increased business one month, and used but six more freight cars in doing it. Why? Because the cars were handled so that side-tracking was reduced to a minimum; because they were loaded with an ingenuity that increased the carrying capacity of each car; because the traffic campaign was so planned that no car moved a mile either way without a full load.

It is moving empty cars that cuts down a railroad's profits. And it is effort mechanically expended in unintelligent activity that cheats a salesman out of high commissions.

The June bug is the only thing with wings that never picks a course before he starts to fly. That's the reason he brings up against so many ob-

stacles with such thundering hard bumps. You are under no moral obligation to imitate the June bug. When you get a-going, go as hard as you are able; but first be sure that you are headed in the right direction.

Think out a plan for every day's work in the morning before you begin to turn on the steam of effort. Divide your day up into sections and decide in advance just what you want to accomplish as a whole and just how you are going about each part of it. The great German general, Von Moltke, taught the world a lesson in method at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war that it will never forget until the end of time. Some one woke him up at midnight with the announcement that war with France had been declared. He was the only man in Germany that took the news calmly. "Look in the upper right-hand pigeonhole of my desk," said Von Moltke. "You will find there some papers that will tell you

what to do." Then he rolled over in bed and went to sleep again.

An hour later, regiments and divisions and army corps were in motion all over Germany, and the great general who had planned every last detail for every least part of the activity of a half million men was still slumbering quietly in his bed. It is no wonder with such a leader that in the brief whirlwind campaign that followed the German army checkmated every single move that the astonished Frenchmen made, overwhelmed the French frontiers, toppled Napoleon III. from his throne in Paris, and exacted an indemnity that made France a beggar nation for a dozen years.

Hard work alone will accomplish remarkable results. But hard work with method and system will perform seeming miracles. No one can profit more by a realization of these truths than the man who sells goods for a living.

SEVENTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

JARRED TO THE EXPLOSION POINT.

ALWAYS remember that when you are talking to a prospective customer you are like a man walking around in a dynamite factory—the slightest misstep is likely to blow you out through the roof, so far as any chance of landing a sale is concerned. Your customer isn't a bag of sand or a load of rock. He is a man—made up of combustibles—pride, prejudices, vanity, sensitiveness, conceit. Be careful not to touch a match to any of these; avoid friction—it throws out sparks. Make your advances with caution, as a man feels his way in the dark.

SEVENTH TALK

CHEERFULNESS is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all the rust of life, can be scoured off with the oil of cheerfulness.

A GENIAL laugh sells goods. Invest a smile—and get an order.

A cheerful manner makes an immediate wireless connection with the heart of a prospective customer and transmits an irresistible call for business.

A great man once remarked, "When a cheerful man comes into a room, his arrival has the same effect on everyone present as the lighting of another candle in the circle around a hospitable table."

Another great man said, "Cheerful

men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one far and near that can listen."

There are some salesmen whose entrance into the presence of a prospective customer is like the advent of spring after a hard winter. They bring a burst of sunshiny weather. The tired and ill-humored customer, who has been sitting on the mourner's bench all day nursing his troubles, loosens his hold on his grouch in the presence of that insistent optimism. It is as if some one had opened a window in a stuffy house; he feels the invigorating effect of ozone in the air. Cheerfulness is contagious. No man can look a good-natured fellow man square in the face and hang on to a fit of ill-humor.

Every good salesman knows this. He understands the market value of a smile. A tactful well-mannered approach will break down a prospect's

guard and hold his attention in play during the first three minutes of an interview better than any oratorical jabs and swings or left hand solar plexus arguments ever invented.

Many a salesman has walked straight into the liking and confidence of a prospective customer with the utterance of his opening sentence, merely by the ingratiating power of a pleasant manner.

Courtesy and cheerfulness are legal tender in every clime. They make up half the salesman's stock in trade. They are his passports through the anterooms of guardian clerks, his introduction into the privacy of inner offices.

Armed with these and with persistence, a salesman can secure an interview with any citzen of the American republic. With these he can announce his errand on even terms of dignity with any prospect. With these he can ward off rebuff, dispel impatience, conquer prejudice, shame

abuse into apology,—make headway where no other human power could penetrate.

Anger is powerless when met with good humor. Indifference is transformed into interest by the magnetic power of tact. Gruff and surly moods are dissolved into friendly feeling by the active chemicals of courtesy and an appealing personality.

A prospective customer's mind is a castle that cannot be carried by storm nor taken by stealth; but there is a natural way of approach and a gate of easy entry open to the salesman who carries the magical keys of courtesy and cheerfulness. Fit these properly in the lock and the most heavily barred door will turn on its hinges.

Sometimes the salesman will be invited inside and offered a comfortable chair before the warm glow of the hearth; sometimes he is merely received for a moment and quietly sent on his way. But he has at least got-

ten in, and if he fails to accomplish his purpose he is free to return later.

Not every sale is made at the first call, but the first call always has a great deal to do with every sale that is made.

It's worth going out of your way to make every new acquaintance feel glad he has met you, even if you don't do a stroke of business with him.

You never can tell when the business may come. The man who declines to buy even a monkey wrench today may want an automobile tomorrow. If he does, the impression you made at your first call is going to determine whether you or some other fellow will get the order.

The world is full of salesmen who fail to realize the importance of a proper manner towards customers.

Conscious of the merit of their product and their own knowledge of their business, these egotistical self-important chaps lay the blame for

every turn down they receive at the door of the prospective customer.

"Too stupid to see the advantages of our goods," they report to the house. "A pig-headed fool who wouldn't listen to me." "A miserly curmudgeon unwilling to spend a dollar to increase his business."

Next day along comes a salesman of a rival house—a chap with better manners.

Armed with personality—the irresistible power of tact and courtesy, he gains a hearing with the stupid, the pig-headed and miserly customers—all three; gets them to listen patiently to his story in spite of themselves; drives home his arguments without exciting their antagonism, proves his case and wins his orders—walks out with the signatures in his pocket.

He had the same goods, the same prices, the same knowledge of the business as the first man. The difference between losing and winning the orders was the cheerfulness, the

tact and courtesy that the second man threw into his approach.

The first step to a sale is to secure a man's good will. He gets an impression for or against you the minute he looks at you.

When some salesmen come into a room it is as if a cellar door had been opened suddenly—they bring a chilling draught of clammy atmosphere.

How many salesman walk into offices with long drawn funereal countenances, like mourners stepping beside a hearse! How many face a prospect wearing exactly the same expression they would assume in swallowing down a dose of castor oil.

"I know I'm not going to like this," that expression proclaims as plainly as words, "There's no fun for me in what I am about to do; but I've got to do it, so here goes!"

How many go about combatively with chips on their shoulders, expecting prospective customers to knock them off, and ready to hand

out verbal left hooks and solar plexus punches in return!

There are some salesmen who live in a perpetual grouch. When they open their mouths the act is like the removal of a door in front of a beast cage—you hear nothing coming out but grunts and growls—growls at the house and at the business when they are at the home office or among their fellow salesmen, and grunts at the customer's ideas or wishes or objections when they are trying to land sales.

Now you can't warm a customer's heart toward you by pouring ice water down his spine, or by jabbing his prejudices with a sharp-pronged pitch-fork of criticism.

The world hands back to a man exactly what he gives out to it. Life is too short for a customer to waste time on cross-grained, crabbed salesmen who receive objections as if made with purposes of personal attack. Unless it pleases you to please the

prospective customer you might as well get up and go out of his office; if you don't, he himself will more or less literally throw you out in the end. It's only a question of time before you will find yourself out on the sidewalk with an unsigned order blank in your hand, wondering why you didn't close the sale.

The man who is looking for trouble always finds people ready to accommodate him. The salesman who combats his prospects, opposes their ideas without tact, meets their objections with ridicule, and allows himself to be led into an open controversy has no more chance of making a sale than a lawyer has of winning a jury's verdict by threatening its members with an axe.

The first principle of salesmanship is never to actively antagonize a customer. Show him the fallacy of his ideas, but do so without reflecting in any way on his own personal intelli-

gence in adopting or following these ideas.

If he is set in his opinions try to get around them by careful strategy—don't smash straight into them with bungling frontal attacks. Never forget that half your power consists in what you say to a man and the other half consists in the way you say it.

Always remember that when you are talking to a prospective customer you are like a man walking around in a dynamite factory—the slightest misstep is likely to blow you out through the roof, so far as any chance of landing a sale is concerned. Your customer isn't a bag of sand or a load of rock. He is a man—made up of combustibles—pride, prejudices, vanity, sensitiveness, conceit. Be careful not to touch a match to any of these; avoid friction—it throws out sparks. Walk gently—make your advances with caution, as a man feels his way in the dark. And at every stage of the proceedings remember

that a spoonful of smile is worth a gallon of growl.

Cheerfulness, courtesy and tact in a salesman's work are like oil on a machine; they help every wheel go around. Discourtesy and gloom are like sand on the axle; they hold everything back. A grouch never sold any goods; a smile thrown in with an explanation costs nothing and wins trade. Some salesmen have customers who couldn't be driven away with a club—it's safe to gamble that they didn't get them by growling at them.

Cultivate the smile that won't come off. It pays.

EIGHTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

THE MORNING AFTER.

THE average salesman would be ashamed to treat a second-hand lawn-mower with as little consideration as he extends to the delicate mechanism of his own body. He will put ten layers of ten kinds of indigestible food into his stomach from seven till ten o'clock at night and sit up the rest of the night pouring himself full of deadly alcoholic mixtures—and then wonder for the remainder of the week why he doesn't feel up to his work.

EIGHTH TALK

STRONG races and strong individuals rest on natural forces.

Physical exuberance, surcharge of arterial blood, a strong heart and a bounding pulse —these are the basis of the powers that make men and nations great.

In the last analysis great human achievement rests on perfect physical health.

—EMERSON.

I SOLVED a mystery yesterday—one that had puzzled me for months.

It had to do with one of our salesmen. I'll call him Jones, because that isn't his name.

Jones has been with us several years.

Always had a good record—up to six months ago.

Then his sales began to fall off. Been falling off ever since. Last month was the climax—worst slump of his career with us.

Yesterday I was passing through Jones's town. It occurred to me to stop off the train and call on him.

I reached his office at about eleven A. M. Of course he wasn't expecting me.

I found him sitting with his feet propped up on his desk, staring out the window at the brick wall opposite.

He looked about as cheerful as a conscientious undertaker at a funeral.

First greetings over, I referred to his melancholy expression and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I'm discouraged, that's all. Can't seem to land any business—don't know why it is—I used to get it all right. But I've had no luck lately—no luck at all. This sort of thing is hard—takes all the ambition out of a fellow. I'm not the same man I used to be. I

guess this territory's about worked out, to tell the truth."

I listened while Jones talked. At twelve o'clock we went out to lunch. He was still retailing his tale of woe when we sat down to the table, but he stopped long enough to make an intent study of the bill of fare.

It being the middle of the day, I contented myself with ordering a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk.

Jones started off with a cocktail. Then he proceeded to introduce into his startled interior in rapid succession a glass of ice water, a plate of hot soup, a large steak smothered in onions, an assortment of French fried potatoes and other vegetables, a half dozen hot biscuits, a generous piece of mince pie and a large cup of coffee.

Even at that he finished soon after I did. Then he rose with a melancholy sigh, walked wearily to the cigar counter, bought a half dozen fat black cigars, lit one, and put the rest in his pocket.

"No," he remarked, continuing his doleful discourse as we reached the sidewalk, "I can't seem to get the business that I used to. It's very discouraging—takes all the ambition out of a fellow. I can't understand it, because I used to be able—"

I broke in suddenly, "Jones, what did you have for breakfast this morning?"

Jones stared. I repeated my question.

"Have for breakfast!" said Jones, wonderingly. "Why, I believe I had some fried sausage and buckwheat cakes."

"Three or four plates of cakes, I suppose?"

"Why, yes, I guess so."

"And a couple of helpings of sausage?"

"Think likely I did—though I don't remember."

"I've been with you since eleven o'clock. In that time you've smoked

three cigars. Do you keep that pace up all day long?"

"I smoke seven or eight cigars a day, I guess—sometimes more. Never thought about it. Why do you ask?"

"You like a cocktail with your meals, I noticed. Do you generally take a drink or two in the evening?"

"If I happen to meet a friend, yes."

"Sometimes five or six drinks?"

"Well—I suppose there have been such occasions."

I stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. "Jones," I said, "if you'll agree to live the simple life in the matter of diet for one week's time and put some limit on yourself in the consumption of cigars and cocktails, I'll back you to beat the best week's selling record you ever made with this company. But if you keep on handing your stomach and nervous system the kind of knock-out blows I've seen you deal out to them today, your sales will drop so low in another month that I'll have to fire you. You can

take your choice—the matter is up to you."

We had a little more talk in the office before I left, but I had said all that was essential right there on the sidewalk.

I took the train for home.

And now I'm going to keep an eye on Jones.

I expect to be able to tell by the number of orders he sends in just what he has for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day for the next two weeks.

Every selling force has its quota of Joneses. The woods are full of them. And they are the most illogical class of citizens to be found within the borders of the American republic.

There is no profession that calls for more physical vitality than the salesman's.

The salesman must have courage. And courage, the great psychologists tell us, is nothing but a plus condition

of mind and body—a state of superabundant vitality.

The salesman must have enthusiasm. There can be no enthusiasm without strong pulsing of the blood in the brain and arteries. He must have self-confidence, persistence, determination, hope and cheerfulness. All of these are manifestations of mental power. And mental power is absolutely dependent upon and proportional to physical health. You can't have the first without the second, any more than you can have steam without heat.

Courage, enthusiasm, optimism, hope! All these are essential qualities of salesmanship! Yet how many salesmen cancel their possibilities of having any of the four by their habits at the table!

Many a salesman is made a black pessimist for a week at a time by the disorganizing effect of a too-heavy Sunday dinner.

In all this world there's no outside

source of discouragement so altogether and completely discouraging as a stomach that won't digest food.

You can't expect to carry around an atmosphere of hope and radiate optimism to any great extent if your internal organism is all puckered up in a hopeless fight with the dinner you've sent down to it.

No man can hope to be light and buoyant in his manner if he is experiencing the sensation of carrying around a section of lead pipe in the pit of his stomach.

The human body is a machine, just like a steam engine or an automobile, and deserves at least an equal show with these iron pushers and haulers.

The average salesman would be ashamed to treat a secondhand lawn mower with as little consideration as he extends to the delicate mechanism of his own body.

He wouldn't expect even a tough old road-roller to get up a head of steam if he filled the grate up with

clinkers and poured a mixture of kerosene and nitroglycerine into the boiler; but he will put ten layers of ten kinds of indigestible food into his stomach from seven till ten o'clock at night and sit up the rest of the night pouring himself full of deadly alcoholic mixtures—and then wonder for the remainder of the week why he doesn't feel up to his work.

If he used the same quality of reasoning in dealing with his customers that he uses in his own mental ponderings upon these phenomena he wouldn't be able to make a sale once in four years.

Nine-tenths of all human ills can be traced to the digestive system.

It is true, as some one has said, that most men dig their graves with their teeth.

A small percentage of the medical fraternity is engaged in ameliorating human suffering due to accidents, heredity or other unavoidable causes. The rest of the immense army of doc-

tors is engaged in salvaging wrecks of humanity that have deliberately run upon the rocks of ruined health in broad daylight—ninety-nine out of one hundred across the dangerous shoals of violated digestive laws.

And no class of derelicts among these wrecks has a larger representation than the salesman's profession.

Traveling men are subjected to harder conditions in the way of irregular hours and meals in strange places than any other class of men; and strange to say, they have less realization of their danger and less disposition to avoid it than any other class of men.

I am not delivering a sermon or a medical treatise. I am speaking purely from a business standpoint. Experience has taught me that a man can't sell goods for any length of time with any degree of success unless he maintains his physical condition. I am discussing health purely as a money making proposition.

The assistant general manager of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in America recently said in a health talk to several hundred of his salesmen: "If we could do nothing else at this convention but induce the men in our sales force to eat the right food and chew it properly, we would increase our orders 20 per cent in the coming year."

A salesman's health is his chief asset—the main part of his capital.

His nerve force is his bank deposit.

He can draw on it just so many drafts of so much each—and then he is through for all time.

Nature honors no over-drafts. When that deposit is exhausted the salesman is out of business—he might just as well put up the shutters and lock the door of his office, for he can't land another customer.

The officials of the bank of health never make any mistakes in figuring; every trifling amount drawn is entered up by a remorseless bookkeeper.

The cashier warns you from time to time in sundry ways as the amount gets low. Be careful how you disobey that warning, if you don't want to land in the court of physical bankruptcy.

The heaviest draft you can draw on the bank of health is the cocktail draft.

Every time a salesman downs a dose of alcohol he puts a mortgage on his success and gives a bond to an unrelenting enemy.

Jags cost commissions. A hangover from the night before never yet helped close a sale the day after. The salesman who stumbles up stairs in the evening as a result of too much conviviality with the boys is bound to fall down the next day when he tries to land a customer.

Eight hours of good sound sleep every night will do more to fit a salesman for success in the long run than an acquaintance with the best closing arguments mortal mind ever invent-

ed. The argument is the salesman's arrow, but his personality, his nerve force, his vitality—these are the only bow that can drive the arrow home. Without these the salesman is like a dumb man in a crowd of ordinary mortals—he may know what he wants to say—but he can't express it in a way that will make it impressive to any one else.

Health means Power. And Power spells Success.

"For performance of great work," says Emerson, "it needs extraordinary health. If Eric the Northman is in robust health and has slept well and is at the top of his condition, and thirty years old, at his departure from Greenland he will steer west, and his ships will reach Newfoundland. But take out Eric, and put in a stronger and bolder man—a Biorn or a Thorfin, with even greater vitality—and the ships will, with just as much ease, sail six hundred, one thousand, fifteen

hundred miles farther, and reach Labrador and New England."

It is the man with the greatest vitality who wins, no matter what his work or profession may be.

It is the salesman who bounds out of bed after a night's sleep and hits the floor with a bounce like a rubber ball—the man with a clear head, a strong heart and the glow of health in every vein—who can be depended on to run down most customers before the close of the day.

He can do four times the work, bear four times the strain, think four times as quickly and effectively and show ten times the pluck and persistence of the man who crawls around carrying a load of dyspepsia, dullness or drowsiness of head, or other physical disability.

It is a grand thing to meet a healthy, hearty, cheery salesman, whose hand shake is an inspiration and the very tones of whose voice proclaim his power. And these magnetic

forces are within the reach of all of us. Give that wonderful machine, your body, some kind of respect and consideration. Treat it half as well as you would your horse or bicycle or the furnace in the basement of your house —and watch the result in your work. You'll draw larger commissions every week of your life.

NINTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

THE CEMETERY OF OPPORTUNITIES.

EVERY selling force has a number of incapables who drift along on the current of the day as a water-soaked log drifts down a sluggish stream. Their work drags interminably. When a paper demanding action falls into the hands of one of these men it becomes forthwith a dead document—entombed for weeks, months or all time in a convenient pigeon-hole. Such a man's desk is a cemetery; his office is a place of stagnation more choked with dead matter than a stagnant pond. A man of this sort has no more initiative than a load of sand.

NINTH TALK

A DAY is a more magnificent cloth than any muslin, the mechanism that weaves it is infinitely cunninger, and you shall not conceal the sleazy, fraudulent, rotten hours you have slipped into the piece, nor fear that any honest thread or straighter steel or more inflexible shape, will not testify in the web.
—EMERSON.

I INSPECTED one of our sales offices in a neighboring state last week.

That's why we have a new manager there this week.

I dropped in at the office quite informally, without notifying the manager that I was coming. Seated in a broad, comfortably-cushioned chair, he looked as peaceful and placid—and inert—as a blinking frog on a lily-pad.

I wondered how long he had been sitting in that chair without moving.

"How's business?" I inquired.

"O, very fair," he said cheerfully. "Nothing rushing, but as good as we can expect at this time of year."

Nothing rushing, but good as we could expect! I choked a snort before it escaped me.

"How many orders yesterday?" I asked.

The placid manager turned over a lot of papers on his desk. "Where are those salesmen's reports?" he inquired of his stenographer.

"I put them on your desk as requested," the girl replied.

"Then they must be here somewhere," he said. He pawed over the mass of disordered papers.

I waited.

"I must have mislaid them," he announced at length, with a cheerful smile. "I've been intending to sort these papers out for the last four days,

but I haven't had time to get around to them yet."

He settled back in his comfortable chair, sighed contentedly and glanced at the clock. "Quarter before twelve," he exclaimed. "Suppose we go out to lunch."

"Wait a bit," I remarked. "Did you receive a big batch of advertising matter from the company last week?"

"I did."

"Have you sent it out into the territories of your men?"

The manager fished his pockets—peacefully, placidly—one after the other.

I waited.

And waited.

And waited.

At length he drew forth a ragged envelope. On the back was scrawled a tangle of figures.

He pondered these for a moment, then remarked: "I have made a note of all I have sent out, but these entries are not up to date. I had a later state-

ment, but I can't seem to find it. Guess I must have left it at home." He began to fish his pockets anew.

"What are these papers on your desk?" I asked.

"Correspondence. I haven't had an opportunity to answer it all yet. But I'll get caught up in a day or two."

I picked up a letter. It read: "Send your salesman down today—before three o'clock, if possible."

I looked at the heading.

The letter was dated two days back.

"Have you had a salesman make that call?" I inquired.

The manager took the letter from my hand. "Oh, that call!" he exclaimed. "No—not yet. I didn't have a man free the day that letter came in, and since then I've had so much to do that I overlooked it. I'll send a man around in the morning."

I made no comment. I had seen and heard enough.

I didn't stay to lunch.

I left for home.

Three hours later I was interviewing the president of our company.

"I hate to let him go," said the president. "He is a first cousin of my wife's, and she will make a tremendous fuss. But business is business. It takes live men to get orders—we can't carry dead weight and get ahead. You have my permission to make a change in the management of that office."

I made the change.

I appointed as the new manager a salesman who had a record as a business-getter—an aspiring young chap, nervous as a thoroughbred horse, and overflowing with spirit and energy. He went into that office as a full head of steam pounds into an engine cylinder—and forthwith every wheel in the organization began to move with the whiz and whirl of power.

In four days' time the sales of the office jumped up fifteen per cent.

The place has awakened from its long slumber.

The manager we let go was a fair type of the common or garden variety of business men—the easy-going, neutral-tinted, second-rate dawdler.

Every selling force has a number of these incapables—men who do business as a beggar lives upon the street—from hand to mouth. They drift along on the current of the day as a watersoaked log drifts down a sluggish stream. The atmosphere about them is loaded with delay. Their work drags interminably—their mail goes unanswered — their appointments are postponed — documents pile up before them—orders get cold before they are filled—they carry about important data on scraps of paper in Heaven-knows-what pocket of the Lord-knows-which suit of clothes.

When a paper demanding action falls into the hands of one of these men, it becomes forthwith a dead document — entombed for weeks, months or all time in a convenient pigeon hole.

Such a man's desk is a cemetery; his office is a place of stagnation more choked with dead matter than a standing pond.

A man of this sort has no more initiative than a load of sand. He attends from day to day to the casual details—or some of them—that turn up of themselves at his elbow and force themselves upon his attention. But he has no perspective—no view of his work as a whole, no clear conception of the main objects that he should accomplish — no systematic method of covering all the points that offer opportunities for profitable action—no scheme of unearthing fresh possibilities and continually throwing out new lines of attack.

He has no mind to plan, and no steam to push a plan through to completion. He lacks every quality of an executive.

Yet how numerous he is in business.

How many men are attempting to

fill the positions of business generals who ought to be carrying water in the army's rear—and will be before the war is over.

How many leaders are conducting on to failure business enterprises which under proper management would march straight forward over every obstacle to success.

Men of this type do not necessarily neglect business for other pursuits.

Their trouble lies deeper than that.

They get down to the office at the regulation time, they remain at work the regulation time, they knock off work—or their semblance of work—at the regulation time. They put in the regulation number of hours all right—but they might as well be a thousand miles away asleep under a shady tree so far as actual accomplishment of anything valuable is concerned.

They are all the time doing things, but they never get anything done.

The business world demands re-

sults—and these men cannot get results.

It calls in thunderous tones for productive action—and they can only imitate productive action as a stage soldier imitates marching by marking time.

They start out, but they never arrive anywhere—they set sail, but they never make port.

Every stay is slacked on board their business craft—every bolt is loosened—their working equipment is slipping and sliding all over the deck—the compass is out of whack—the sails are unbent—the engine is choked with rust—nothing is ship-shape or in working order. Like abandoned derelicts they go drifting and dodging across the business sea, doubling and redoubling on their track, headed everywhere in general, and bringing up nowhere in particular.

They are tranced in inertia, steeped in postponement — paralyzed with procrastination. They are Rip Van

Winkle sleepers—in a world that sets its highest premium on being wide awake.

And because these men are asleep, they do not realize their own condition. There is nothing in this earthly frame of things more marvelous than the infinite self-complacency with which a slow going jog-trot man moves on his sluggish jog-trot way.

Uncle Obadiah's old mare upon a country road is a skittish thoroughbred in comparison.

Such a man is conscious of no fault in his methods. He believes that he is moving as fast as anybody.

And if he isn't, what difference does it make? He is sure that he will arrive all right in the end.

A jog is a fast enough pace for him. "Fairly good is good enough," is the basic principle of his easy-going philosophy. "O, that will do well enough" is the expression most frequently on his lips.

He is content to be just holding his

own—just getting along. So on he goes—jog, jog, jog—his mind full of peace—even though his pocket be empty of coin.

The jog-trot traveler esteems himself a business man because he is in business.

One may as well say a mud turtle is a pickerel because he happens to crawl into a pond frequented by pickerel.

A business man is a man who does business—who gets results.

The first requisite to result-getting is ambition—the kind of ambition that fills a man's daytime thoughts and disturbs his dreams—that wakes him up on occasion in the dead of night and sets him to pacing up and down the floor—the divine discontent with present conditions that makes inaction or sluggish action an agony to him.

Luke warm water won't take a locomotive anywhere, and luke warm purposes won't lift a man to any

height of achievement in the business world.

The great things of history were never done by jog-trot men, take-your-time men—self-complacent plodders—placid, peaceful rut-travelers—easy-going followers of routine.

All of these are men in different stages of slumber.

It takes a live man to get things done in this world—a man intensely wide awake—a man palpitating with eager energy, his head full of the fire of ambition, his heart full of the hunger of achievement, his veins full of red blood.

Business is a battle, but many men in business have no more fight in them than has a feather bed. They are constitutional Quakers—they keep peace with all the world and with every obstacle, attacking nobody and nothing—not even their difficulties. They are drab-colored, half-hearted, inoffensive non-combatants—camp-followers hanging around the edge of the busi-

ness scrimmage and never plunging straight into the thick of the fray, where the hard knocks are going and all the glory and prizes are to be won.

Genius is intensity. The man who gets anything worth having is the man who goes after his object as a bull dog goes after a cat—with every fiber in him tense with eagerness and determination.

It takes force and fierceness, gimp, grit and gumption to run down success.

Life is no dressing-gown and slippers game. It is a fight fiercer than a street riot. Destiny is trying to down you. Square off and hit out at her as hard as you are able.

You alone can save yourself from failure. Be on your guard against your weaknesses. Get a grip on yourself. Take your habit of puttering and dawdling by the throat and choke the life out of it.

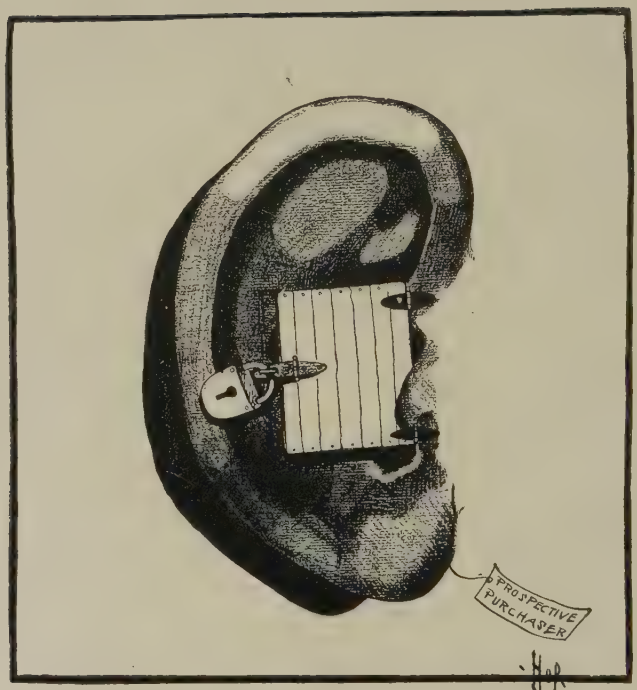
Stop loitering. Quit lagging at the tail of the procession, where you have

to take everyone else's dust. Hit up the pace—break out of the rear ranks—make a dash for the front of the parade, where you can get a view of the prospect ahead and hear the music of the band wagon. Bring all your powers into play—go in for all you are worth. Do something—if it be only for a single occasion, with all your earthly might.

Key yourself up to concert pitch.

Don't be a lump of dough. Set a little yeast at work in yourself and see if you can't rise.

TENTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN



THE RIGHT KEY GAINS ENTRANCE.

DO YOU ever meet a man who refuses to listen to you? He has locked you out. But that's all right—you carry a bunch of keys to fit any lock. If you know your man, you'll know what key to use—the right approach to suit his particular case. Just insert it in the keyhole, give it a twist and the business is done in a jiffy. He's bound to open up and listen. Knowledge of human nature is the key that opens all doors to the salesman.

TENTH TALK

WHEN I'm getting ready for an argument with a man I spend one-third of my time thinking about myself and what I'm going to say, and two thirds thinking about him and what he is going to say.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

STUDY your prospect before you call on him.

Find out what manner of man he is before you put your proposition up to him.

If you were a prize fighter with a hard mill ahead of you, you wouldn't step into the ring without first getting some kind of line on your opponent and his methods. If you did you'd deserve to catch a knockout blow in the first round.

Success is the product of foreknowledge and preparation.

Admiral Togo knew all about the ships, armament, officers and men of Rojestvensky's fleet before he sailed out to wipe that fleet off the map.

That's one of the chief reasons why he was able to do the job in record time.

There is information extant about every prospect if you are willing to take the trouble to go after it.

The facts you need to know about the men you call on are not sealed up in safety deposit vaults.

No business man's character, mental temperament, business habits, attitude toward life in general, and toward salesmen's propositions in particular, can be kept as matters of private record.

No matter who the man is, there are many people who know all about him, and usually you can find one of them if you do a little careful looking.

Hunt one of these men up and ask him a few tactful questions before you call on your prospect.

If you can, learn also the conditions in the prospect's business and lay before him something worked out to fit his particular case.

Five salesmen out of ten never bother to do this.

They make the call first and think about the prospect's particular case and personal characteristics later—on the way out of the office after they have been turned down.

It is true that you can't always learn in advance the things you would like to know about a prospect. But you've got to find some of these things out before you can close the sale. That makes it all the more necessary for you to begin to study your man the minute you step into his office. If ever you needed your wits about you now's the time. Watch out sharp or you are lost. Keep your eye peeled and your ears wide open. Don't miss a move your prospect makes. Some little sign, some trifling indication, is going to give you your clue—if you are quick

and ready enough to perceive it. Wide awake's the word now.

Size your man up as a pitcher sizes up a new batter. Try to decide from his general style and from the look in his eye what kind of delivery will stand the best chance of striking him out.

You can't pitch the same assortment of curves to every man that comes up to the plate.

Every prospect you approach is different.

The approach that will take you straight into Smith's confidence and lead direct to a sale will land you in a couple of minutes out on the sidewalk with an unsigned order blank in your pocket, if you try it on Jones.

Smith and Jones are two different individuals. Both have their approachable side — their vulnerable point—but these are not the same points.

If you fail to get started with Jones it will be because you try to fit the

wrong key in his lock. If Jones is a busy man you won't get a chance to try another key. Your chance for a sale will be over the minute you make that first vital blunder.

The art of making sales is based primarily on a knowledge of human nature. There are some salesmen, strange as it may seem, who never learn this lesson. Intent on telling their story, they enter an office with their minds concentrated wholly on that story and on themselves, and not at all on the individual they are to face.

These dull witted fellows make every approach in the same mechanical fashion, begin in every case with the same old worn-out formulas, and continue with the same old parrot-like line of talk—until they are cut off suddenly and thrown out.

All prospects look alike to them.

A wound-up phonograph, propelled into an office and turned loose upon the ambient air, would make as ef-

fective an approach as a good many of these mechanical Waterbury watch wind-up-and-run-down chaps.

Hard bumps teach them nothing. Misfortune dogs them—calamity follows on their trail—but they never comprehend the reason. They attribute their strings of failures to hard luck, to faults in their product, to the reputation of their house, to the weather, to the condition of the stock market, the state of crops in Montana and the rumors of war in Abyssinia—to anything under Heaven but the real cause—the single fact that they don't know enough about human nature to be able to make an effective approach.

Avoid their example as you would the plague. Line up with the quick-witted, artful salesmen, the keen observers and ready interpreters of slight signs.

Watch your man as you talk to him. Don't orate off into the general atmosphere like a temperance lecturer addressing a crowd—talk directly

to your prospect, and observe him every moment.

Feel your way along. Pick and choose among the mass of arguments you have at your command, and watch the effect of each as you spring it on him.

Try to discover the point of contact at which his interest can be made to touch your proposition. Be quick to catch the look in his eye that shows you have caught his closer attention, and instantly throw the whole force of your batteries upon the vulnerable point that he has disclosed.

There are two chief classes of men that you will approach.

One class is ruled chiefly by reason, the other by impulses—emotion—prejudices — enthusiasm — likes and dislikes.

The first class can be sold only by hard matter-of-fact mathematical arguments—the kind of evidence that will pass a judge in court. The minds of these men are clear, cold, logic en-

gines. They are impressed only by facts and figures, and will do no business with salesmen who offer them anything else.

The other class—of impulsive or emotional men—is amenable to persuasion.

You will not find it so necessary to convince their reasons. Give them the best evidence you have, but mix it with something more.

Be careful of their prejudices, watch out for the revelation of their likes and dislikes, discover their enthusiasms, suit yourself to their moods.

Sooner or later, if you know your business, you will uncover the vulnerable spot. And when you learn the vulnerable spot in an emotional man he is yours. Strike him with the right kind of persuasion and you can walk out with his order.

Study your prospects. Learn to read the book of human nature. The formulas for success in selling are written on its pages.

ELEVENTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

KEEP A-GOING!

THE man who wins in the selling game is not the chap who starts out to cut a few fancy figures of eight and do eye-opening stunts like the Long Roll and the Outer Edge. Fancy skaters are seldom strong on endurance, and selling, like distance skating, is a game that calls for staying powers. The fellow with the long, steady stroke and never-tiring stride is the chap who shows up at the finish line when the prizes are being handed out.

ELEVENTH TALK

THE slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. The slow trotter will out-travel the fleet racer. Genius darts, flutters, and tires; but preseverance wears and wins.

—MARDEN.

KEEP A-GOING!

Don't think you've crossed the finish line because you've made a good start.

The fact that you led the field at the break away doesn't prove that you won't be distanced in the stretch.

The race isn't won until you pass under the wire. You won't have any prize ribbons pinned on your coat for starting. The men in at finish are the only chaps who will have a chance to parade in front of the judges' stand and get a piece of the money.

Hit up the pace! Go right on reaching out! Hold every inch you gain!

Keep a-going!

The bulldog's claim to fame is based on a single great quality—he can hang on.

When he attaches himself to anything it is safe to gamble that time will elapse before he lets go. And if you want to attain to his certainty in securing results, you've got to imitate his methods.

Most men are strong on starting but weak on finishing. They catch that tired feeling right after they get under way, and drop out of the race. Then they walk back to the head of the course to rest up and get ready to start in the next race.

Fifty starts won't make one finish. And the finish is the only thing that has any value.

When you're traveling to Europe you haven't arrived until you've walked down the gang plank on the other side. If you stop half a mile off

the coast you might just as well have never put out from New York. If you can't cover that last half mile you have paid your fare and spent your time for nothing—your entire voyage is wasted.

There's only one way to get profit out of any piece of work, and that is to keep at it till it's done.

The salesman who makes a great beginning with a set of prospects the first week, neglects them the second and follows them up spasmodically during the third, won't have any prospects by the time the fourth week comes around. The men he calls on will either have forgotten his name or placed their orders with some one else.

You can't set your success a-going, then go off and leave it and expect it to run on of itself.

Every time you stop pushing it, it's bound to back-slide like a freight train on an up-grade, and go to everlasting smash.

Getting on in life is like climbing a tree—you must hold fast with your legs what you have already gained, and keep reaching out with your hands for a grip higher up.

Up you go, inch after inch—foot after foot—hand over hand, till you reach the top.

No single pull put you there. It was the long succession of pulls, one after another,—the continuous chain of efforts.

You can bank on it that if you had let up in your steady, painful crawl —if you had stopped half way up to admire the view, or crow over the distance you had gained, you'd have lost your grip and come down with a run that would have burned the skin off your hands and worn the trousers off your legs.

Profit lies in continuous effort.

A big success is a series of small successes welded together.

Every considerable result is made up of a number of parts.

The Japs didn't get into Port Arthur by a single charge.

You can't break a block of stone with a single blow. But you can break it with a hundred—if you put them all in the same place.

Consolidation—adding one thing to another—massing causes together, —this is what produces effects. Solid rocks are made by compacting particles.

That's a statement in Geology, but it goes in Salesmanship, too.

It's a general rule in life. It's the law that made the successes of all the big men we envy—and refuse to imitate.

Old Noah Webster put thirty-six years of solid work on end to produce his dictionary. In thirty-six years he wrote only that one book. But that will be remembered.

Cyrus Field crossed the ocean fifty times to lay a single cable.

Turner made thirty thousand draw-

ings before he achieved his "Slave Ship"—and immortality.

Gibbon worked twenty years on his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Stephenson put in seventeen straight years perfecting his locomotive.

Edison has worked eighteen hours a day for twenty years. And all the great American Captains of Industry have paid the price for their success by a tremendous investment of that same quality—Perseverance.

Perseverance built the Pyramids, and scaled the Alps. It has tunneled our canyons, bridged our rivers, belted the world with a chain of railroads and steamship lines, searched out all the remote places of the globe—and will yet find the North Pole and hang the American flag on it.

No matter where we look, we read this lesson.

One would think that with the entire fabric of human society standing

for illustration, with everything in human achievement for thousands of years back bearing its testimony to the power of perseverance, our hives of industry would be jammed with individuals compassing their ends by its practice.

But such a supposition is out of harmony with the principles of human nature.

It is human nature to hate to persevere.

We're willing to start things—but don't ask us to finish them.

We'll begin anything you say—but don't ask us to keep it up—for more than a limited period.

We'll work for three hours, but if a dog fight starts down the street—just excuse us—we've got to go and see it.

We hate to persevere.

If we are salesmen, some of us are apt to start the month with a rush—and peter out in our efforts as the days go by.

And after we have petered out for

a few months with one company, we are apt to go and peter out with another.

There's a raft of these chaps at large. They are continually shifting their jobs. They keep breaking out in a new place. And every time they break out, it costs them and their employers money.

Restless as gold miners, they roll up their sleeves and spit on their hands, and swing the pick of work with fury—for a short time.

Then they quit to go off after a drink, or a sleep—and never come back. The next you hear of them they've bought a new set of tools and started digging somewhere else further down the line. At last they wind up by asking friends to stake them to a loan that will enable them to leave the diggings altogether for some distant field. They never stop traveling.

There's nothing in this weathercock business. You've got to point in one

direction for a long time if you want to get anywhere. You've got to splice one day's work on to the next,—dovetail all your efforts together—build the whole structure of your work into one continuous whole.

You've got to have momentum. And the only way to work up momentum is to keep a-shoving and a-pushing.

Even your success will be only a place where you are to encamp for the night. After you attain it, you will still move on.

Life and success are a continuous performance.

Keep a-going!

TWELFTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

ARE YOU IN THE PUMP BRIGADE?

TERRITORY gone dry? Well, you might suppose so if you listened to some of the fellows who stand around and croak that "it's no use pumping—no orders to be found anywhere—country going to ruin." That's their Pet Delusion. Floods of business all around them—regular geysers of orders—other fellows pumping up a stream of results close by. The chaps who are working the pump handle have no delusions. They can feel the orders coming faster the harder they pump, and that's enough for them

TWELFTH TALK

BE honest with yourself at least. Never lie to your own soul. Seek out the truth. Look for the actual fact and stare it in the face. See things as they are.

EVER spend any time in a lunatic asylum?

I mean as an observant visitor, of course—not as a permanent resident in regular standing.

If you have made such a visit, you've noted that each of the permanent guests of the institution has some particular Pet Delusion of his own, which he hugs to himself as fondly as a little girl hugs her beloved rag baby.

Sane enough on every other topic, he can't shake off the dominance of this single wrong idea.

There is the harmless looking gentleman, for instance, who harbors the belief that he is Captain Kidd, just ashore from the Spanish main. Stalks for hours up and down an imaginary bloody deck, ordering hapless prisoners to walk the cruel plank. Halts at intervals to proclaim to all and sundry within hearing: "My name is Captain Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed."

If you distract his attention from maritime affairs, he will talk to you reasonably on a hundred different topics.

But not on that topic. Do but mention Captain Kidd—and off goes his trolley. His Pet Delusion assumes full sway.

Then there's the broken-down pauper who staggers under the imaginary responsibility of an enormous fortune.

Never had more than seven dollars in his life, but thinks he's a great financier vainly seeking a rest from director's meetings.

That's his Pet Delusion.

There's the former police judge, haunted by the stealthy pursuit of imaginary criminals seeking revenge for the justice he dealt out to them. Sees a dagger up every coat sleeve. Wants to have the attendant who brings him his meals searched for concealed weapons every time he puts his foot inside the door.

Then there's the elderly spinster with the pitiful misfit face, who believes she is the Queen of Sheba. Greets every male visitor who enters her presence as Solomon the Magnificent.

And so the list spins out—harmless lunatics all—each with his or her particular Pet Delusion—each sane enough on every other point, but unable to escape the domination of that one fool idea.

Not all the people who harbor hallucinations reside in lunatic asylums.

We are all batty on some point or other.

We all have our Pet Delusions—

idiotic ideas, the folly of which is perfectly apparent to our pitying acquaintances—fool notions that we sit down with at breakfast and dinner, and take to bed with us, and rise up with in the morning, and carry around all day long.

People try to rid us of them, but we cling to them with death-like grip. To us they are the Great Realities—the only sure and certain things in life—the basic truths of most vital importance in our existence.

We may love them, we may hate them, but we never doubt their truth.

How many such victims of Pet Delusions there are in our immediate circle!

There is Smith, for instance—our Sales Agent up in Oshkosh.

Smith's Pet Delusion is that he was born unlucky.

Never lets go his frantic clutch on that idea. Thinks Fate has had it in for him since the earliest dawn of time

—waited a thousand years for him to be born in order to be ready to jump on him good and hard the minute that event occurred.

Swears that some evil genius follows him around with a monstrous hammer, knocking his structure of success into a cocked hat every time he gets it fairly set up.

Smith is absolutely certain that he has no chance. Reasons that there's no use in his trying to make a big go in life—some unseen power is sure to block him. So he doesn't try. Gives up every fight he gets into almost before time is called.

Hasn't made his sales quota, for instance, a single time since he came into the business. Always a little behind.

Bad luck won't let him catch up.

That's his Pet Delusion.

We are onto him, of course, every one of us. We know why he doesn't get his quota. We could tell him the

things in his own character and ideas and methods that keep him from success.

But would he believe us if we remarked to him that his idea of bad luck pursuing him was a delusion?

Would the ex-judge in the lunatic asylum believe us if we told him that the avenging criminal he feared had no existence outside his own mind?

I should say not.

Well, neither would Smith believe us. He'll carry his fool notion to the grave—and hang on to it after that, if there's any possibility of it.

Then there's Jones, down in Louisville.

Jones' Pet Delusion is that he's the hardest working man in the sales force. Really believes it. Has a stronger and more continuous sensation of effort than the lunatic in the asylum who labored under the awful weight of the imaginary Rockefeller fortune.

Jones goes home every night with a virtuous feeling of having worked like a tarrier from sun up to sun down.

We know that Jones is a putterer and a time-killer. We all see through him. We could tell him how little actual hard work he really did with all his fussing around.

But would he believe us?

Would the pauper lunatic believe us if we told him he had no financial load to carry?

Why, then, expect Jones to give up his Pet Delusion?

Then there's Brown of Kalamazoo.

His Pet Delusion is that he knows all there is to know of any value in commercial life. Says nobody can teach him anything about selling goods, for instance—been at it sixteen years. Is firmly convinced that he has a corner on the world's brain market so far as knowledge of salesmanship is concerned. No use trying to tell him anything—he has an intellect that enables him to know by in-

stinct and without effort all the things comprehended in the knowledge and experience of the millions of other men engaged in one way or another in selling goods on this terrestrial ball.

It never occurred to Brown that if he really had one-tenth of the expert selling knowledge he thinks he possesses, his sales totals and his yearly income would be several times as large as they are at present.

He never reasons with himself after this fashion. Of course not. Why expect any man to use his reason on the subject of his Pet Delusion?

Robinson's Pet Delusion is that the House has it in for him; that a Clique of thugs in the Sales Department at the Home Office sits up nights plotting low-down deals to hand out to him, seizing upon every little shortcoming of his with fiendish glee, and rejoicing when his sales are low, because that gives the House a chance to jump on him.

The Sales Manager, in his mind, is a common assassin, animated by diabolical purposes, trailing him relentlessly, waiting only for a good chance to knife him and fling his remains to the crows.

Parker's Delusion is that his failure to sell goods is due to his territory. Says that every man in the sales force has a good territory except himself.

And so it goes. Every man has his Pet Delusion—his own particular weak point where his reason jumps its trolley—his own private gap in the fence where his judgment bolts like a frightened horse and runs wild across country, upsetting itself and everything else, and spreading panic and destruction along its trail.

If you are one of these chaps get a grip on yourself. Shake off your delusions. Drive away the haunting shadows. There are enough real obstacles without conjuring up imaginary ones. There are enough real

living, breathing opponents without seeking out windmills to tilt at.

See things as they are. Dig down under semblances and get the facts. Then face them.

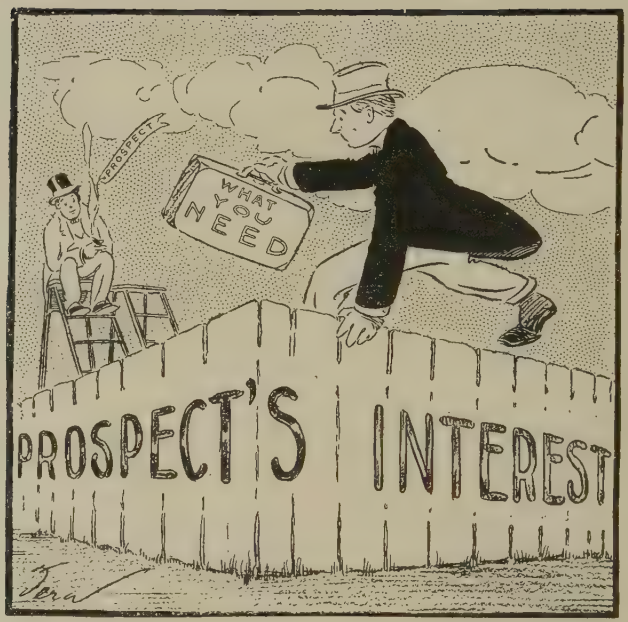
Seek the truth, and look it square in the eye. See your own faults; admit your own weaknesses—and try to overcome them.

Give other people credit for some degree of both brains and moral character. You aren't the only chap in the crowd who loves a square deal. The world is full of men animated by the honest American spirit of Theodore Roosevelt—and ready and anxious to manifest it in their acts toward you.

Be honest with yourself. Don't fool and befog your own mind with wrong ideas. Use your God-given brains and judgment. See things as they are.

Give the go-by to the shadows. Get out into the sunlight.

THIRTEENTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN



THE PROSPECT'S SIDE OF THE FENCE.

YOU and your product have no earthly interest for a prospect until you show him some relation between your product and his well-being, or the welfare of his business.

Therefore, don't begin your approach by talking on your side of the fence, about *your*self, *your* company, *your* product, or *your* desire to sell him. Get over on his side of the fence first. First make him feel that he has a need —then show him that your product will fill it.

THIRTEENTH TALK

WE are interested in others when they are interested in us.—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

WHEN you've secured an interview and flagged your prospect's momentary attention, how do you go about working up his interest in your proposition?

Do you proceed to hand him the regulation string of meaningless general remarks about your product that seven salesmen out of ten carry around as their ordinary working equipment? Or are you one of the three out of ten who know how to make a clean-cut specific opening as skilfully as a champion chess player?

Do you bore your prospect until he is driven in desperation to rise up and

throw you out, or do you understand the subtle art of jogging his jaded mind into a receptive state for the facts you want to impart to him?

Your prospect is human, with nerves and liability to brain fag, even as you and I. If he is a business man in an office or store, or a buyer for a business concern he is everlastingly tired of the monotony of interviews with salesmen of the invertebrate type, who all come at him with the same kind of loose-jointed general observations about the goods they handle—mere boresome statements that their goods are the best goods, that their house is the best house, that the prospect couldn't do as well in buying elsewhere and so on ad libitum, ad nauseam.

The prospect resents having this sort of thing thrust upon him. He feels that he is no patented cast iron mail receptacle for casual packages of ill-assorted selling talk that any one

who happens along may want to throw into him.

How would you like it yourself to be a prospect strapped fast in your chair without possibility of escape, while the old familiar line of general observations about "quality," "price," "terms," "prompt shipments" and "prestige of the house" was rammed into your suffering ears by relays of different salesmen on an average of from five to twenty times a day?

Wouldn't it make you a misanthrope?

Wouldn't you long for a change?

Can you wonder, if you are one of those who afflict the prospect with this sort of thing, that he doesn't grow enthusiastic over it? Can you wonder when you call on him that he doesn't jump to embrace you and bite his initials in your order book?

Remember that you are not trying merely to unburden yourself of a certain amount of conversation in his presence; you are trying to IN-

TEREST him in what you are saying.

The psychology that underlies the process of exciting a prospect's interest is a very simple thing to understand.

There are in general two kinds of interest that the human mind is capable of feeling. One is what psychologists call an IMMEDIATE interest; the other is known as a DERIVED interest.

IMMEDIATE interest is the interest a man feels in a thing that is DIRECTLY AND SPONTANEOUSLY INTERESTING IN ITSELF—his dinner, for instance, or an exciting play, a fascinating picture, attractive music, a beautiful or charming woman, an out-door game, if he is an athlete, an instructive book or lecture if he is a serious minded man. These things are all interesting in themselves; they have an innate fascination that attracts and holds the attention.

There are a vast number of other things that have merely a DERIVED interest for a man. They have no fascination in themselves; they are interesting merely because of their relation to something else—merely because they are a means to an end that in itself is interesting.

I have no IMMEDIATE interest in legal documents called wills, for instance. I would not cheerfully spend time in studying a will as I would in listening to music or a play. But reveal to me that a certain will contains a clause leaving me a fortune, and the most exciting play ever produced will be as dull as a dictionary page in comparative interest for me.

You have shown me that document's relation to my own intimate well being—it derives all its interest for me from that relation.

A man's interest in his business, nine times out of ten, is purely a derived interest. He does not toil and

worry and strain because he likes to toil and worry and strain, but because he wishes to make money and to achieve an honorable position among his fellows. His business is a means to this end; his interest in it is not immediate but derived. When it ceases to make money for him or ceases to give him an honorable standing in his community, its interest for him dies.

Now to apply this principle to your work as a salesman. You and your company, your product or line, have no immediate fascination for the business man.

To begin with the usual mechanical string of hackneyed assertions about it and descriptions of it would bore him unspeakably. Your product has no earthly interest for him until you show him some relation between it and his well being, or the welfare of his business.

Therefore, don't begin talking on YOUR side of the fence, about your-

self, your company, your product, or your desire to sell him. Get over on HIS side of the fence first. First make him feel that he has a need—then show him that your product will fill it. First make him see that he has an opportunity, then show him that your product will enable him to realize it. Put HIM, HIS NEED, OR HIS OPPORTUNITY in the forefront of your talk, and let your long string of description of your product and assertions about it follow afterward.

Patent medicine advertisers understand this principle of salesmanship. They catch a reader's interest and attention in the forefront of their ads with talk about THE READER HIMSELF, his pains and symptoms, troubles, worries, and weaknesses. They warn him that his symptoms are dangerous; that unless he takes immediate steps to escape, he's bound straight for his shroud and coffin. He hears the microbes gnawing as he

reads. His pitying concern for himself grows deeper and deeper, and by the time he has reached the end of the ad he is in a frame of mind where he's not only willing to take Golden Dope, but if no remedy were recommended he'd go out on a hunt for Golden Dope or some other kind of dope himself.

If the ad had BEGUN by cracking up the medicine, proving at great length that its ingredients were pure, its taste delightful, and its efficiency certain, its manufacturers established since the time of Noah's celebrated voyage in the ark—would the newspaper reader have hot-footed it to the druggist's to buy a trial bottle? The chances are a hundred to one that he would not have had sufficient interest to read the ad.

Tell a man that you have a wonderful consumption cure and start to describe it—and he'll yawn and send you away. But convince him that he has consumption and he'll come to you and pray for a remedy.

Tell a man that you have a valuable piece of mechanism called an adding machine and he won't have time to listen to your description.

But show him with a pencil and paper what it costs him in a year to pay the four clerks who are adding up columns of figures in his office and tell him that you can enable him to dispense with the services of two of them, and he'll ask you of his own accord to bring your machine around and let him have a look at it.

Tell a farmer that you want to sell him a thoroughbred collie dog, and he'll say that he isn't interested in fancy dogs. But ask him if it doesn't bother him, with his rheumatism, to keep his herd of cows rounded up as he drives them to and from the pasture, and you will be leading him, absorbed with interest, up to the point where the disclosure of your collie's cow-driving ability will make the farmer voluntarily ask you what you will take for the dog.

This principle holds good in all selling.

An insurance agent who begins to describe particular policies before he has his man convinced of his need for insurance, will never land his man. He is putting his proposition wrong end foremost.

A loose leaf ledger salesman who starts to describe his different makes of loose leaf ledgers before he has made his prospect realize that bound ledgers are costing him too much labor and money, is wasting his time.

To arouse a prospect's interest, then, begin by getting over on HIS side of the fence. He has a deep and never ceasing interest in himself and in every thing that affects himself or his well-being, comfort, safety, profit or pleasure. Touch him on those springs of action and he'll respond every time.

When you've started his interest, lead off a little along the line that caught him. Play him as you would

a fish. Let him take the bait and carry it; that is, give him a chance to ask a question. Lead him into talking about himself, his business, his needs if you can. Develop his interest; make it bud and sprout and branch and grow. Carry him along with you as far as he will go.

If the lead for his interest you tried first was not the right one, try again with another, profiting by what you learned from your first failure.

But see that his interest is hooked securely before you begin to describe your product in detail. Don't, I beseech you, don't unship your jaw as soon as you get into a prospect's presence and reel off a string of mechanical technical talk about your product, as if it were something you had to get out of your system before you could feel easy in your mind.

FOURTEENTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

BRIGHTEN UP THAT ARGUMENT.

A SELLING talk needs to be laundered just as often and as thoroughly as a shirt.

Into the tub of sales ginger then with all those old arguments and selling points, which from continued use have grown a little limp as to the manner in which they are delivered. Souse them in the suds; put them through the wringer; add a little of the starch of enthusiasm—and hang them on the line to dry. After that iron them out, and there you are.

FOURTEENTH TALK

SOME men use only their lips and tongues in speaking; others put brain-action also into the operation. It is men of the latter class who make good salesmen.

AFTER you have roused your prospect's interest and are fairly launched into your selling talk, you will find that certain parts of it will not appeal to him although they have appealed to other prospects in the past. Skip these parts.

Many salesmen are unable to dodge from one part of their selling talk to another in order to pick out the facts that will strike home. These chaps have to repeat their whole story in routine fashion or not at all. Their information and argument all cohere

in one tremendous bunch, like a wad of pulling candy. They can't yank out one fact from among all the others and hand it to a man. They can't see that he needs just THAT ONE fact or argument and no other. They have learned their entire talk in a certain order and must get it off exactly as they learned it. In many cases they have the very words committed to memory, which in itself is all right, but they have learned MERELY the words and a certain mechanical sequence of facts without real comprehension of the meaning of the words or the true relation of the facts. An interruption, or the loss of a few phrases, or an unexpectedly sharp question from the prospect would throw the entire mechanism of their talk out of gear.

Such salesmen are like the boy in school who has to "speak a piece."

The urchin begins at a clipping pace: "The boy stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled."

At this point his memory fails. He can't think of the first word of the next line. He MUST think of that word or he can't go on. He begins again: "The boy stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled." Horrible feeling—he's lost that word! By no possibility could he supply a line of his own to state the next fact about the hero. He doesn't KNOW the next fact about the hero. He has learned only a certain sequence of words without real comprehension of their meaning. He has only a vague idea of what really happened to the chap in the poem. His brain is whirling with confused notions of ships on fire—swirling flames—agonized boy. He couldn't tell you in his own words the story of the poem. He couldn't analyze the adventure or tell you the different stages of it. He couldn't answer any question about it.

The best he can do is to repeat the words of that poem by rote, just as he learned them. He can make the

noises with his voice that those word symbols call for and that is all he can do; if he forgets one of those word sounds he is lost.

In his desperation he once more blurts out the first line: "The boy stood on the burning deck"—comes to a dead stop—then loses his bearings altogether and stumbles crazily through the verses, reciting it backwards, crosswise and down the middle. It was the deck that stood on the burning boy, the flames that had fled, and so forth. At this point the teacher puts an end to the agony with: "There, that will do. Go and sit down."

The urchin speaking a piece is no worse a bungler than many salesmen who have no real mastery of their selling talk.

The efficient salesman has his arguments all classified and pigeonholed, so to speak, under their proper heads. He is ready for all emergencies, and can produce anything that

is needed at a moment's warning. He can shift from one end of his selling talk to the other, omitting much or little, according to his prospect's interest. He never loses sight of the fact that his main purpose is to adapt his talk so that that interest shall be kept at white heat.

An orderly brain, in which data is classified and stored away in compact shape, is a great possession. I got this pigeon-hole simile from a remark of Napoleon's. The great Frenchman had a mind crowded with a tremendous mass of information connected with his administrative work—law facts, finance facts, military facts, and so forth.

When people asked him how he could hold an almost infinite number of details in his mind without confusion and draw on any of them at will, he said:

"My mind is like a set of a hundred pigeonholes; one for law; one for finance; one for military administra-

tion, etc. I open one, take the contents out and work with them, forgetting what is in all the other pigeonholes for the time being. Then I close that pigeonhole and open another. At night I close them all, and sleep."

The ideas of a salesman with an untrained mind are like a mob of guests at a hotel, who scramble out pell mell in crazed hurry and only half-dressed at the cry of "Fire!" The prospect has only to speak the one sharp word "Why?" at an unexpected place—that is the alarm cry that upsets all the salesman's usual routine argument, and starts up the excitement.—All the facts and reasons in that salesman's selling talk come piling out on the end of his tongue and tumbling over one another, half clothed in decent speech, and less than half intelligible to his auditor.

Subject your selling talk to discipline. This can be done only by keeping each fact in the background until

the time comes to use it effectively—then bringing it forth with promptness and accuracy, appropriately dressed in words best suited to the service it is expected to perform.

In no other way can you be sure of getting and holding the prospect's interest.

I speak of appropriate dress for your arguments. There is everything in the expression that you give your ideas.

It's a delicate art, this art of putting things. And it makes a tremendous difference in results.

It was a knowledge of this art that transformed an obscure congressman, William Jennings Bryan, into a national character in a single day.

When Bryan made his great speech at the first Democratic convention that nominated him he brought forward not one idea that had not been hashed over on the floor of that convention hall a dozen times before by other speakers. But Bryan mar-

shaled those old, familiar ideas into a new order, gave them a striking form of expression, and so electrified the convention that it straightway nominated him for President.

Half a dozen writers wrought the Merchant of Venice tale into stories and plays before William Shakespeare seized on it and worked it up anew in his own original way. The half dozen other versions of the story are forgotten, but Shakespeare's play is immortal.

Great poets are men who put commonplace ideas that all men hold into a setting of brilliant expression which makes them more dazzling than diamonds.

It's a great art, this art of putting things.

There's one way of framing up any kind of a statement that is more effective than any other way.

Remember this when you call on a prospect. Don't be content to chuck out at him whatever frayed remnants

of conversation about your product you may have floating around loose in your mind. See to it not merely that you state the right fact, but that you clothe it in the most effective form of expression that is possible to you. That's the only way to get and retain his interest.

FIFTEENTH GINGER TALK OF A SALESMANAGER TO HIS MEN

THE MAN WITHOUT INITIATIVE.

THERE'S an occasional salesman who is like those aggravating banjos that you find attached to slot-machines. One of these instruments will start up a tune when you push a nickel in the slot and play just so many minutes—then the mechanism has to have its interior tickled with another nickel before it will go on. A salesman of this variety has to have complete instructions pumped into him before he can start anything. And when he does get started more instructions are needed at regular intervals to keep him going.

FIFTEENTH TALK

THE story in this talk of the office boy in knee-breeches who became assistant sales manager is taken from life. That office boy is now general manager of an Ohio organization of 5,000 men and the inspiration of every employe under him.

GENTLEMEN, you snowed me under!

And the telegrams are still coming.

I'm glad to learn from them that you boys are all with me in my choice of Henry Champlin as assistant sales-manager.

If you've congratulated him on being promoted as much as you've congratulated me on having promoted him, he'll have telegrams

enough to make a frieze around all four walls of his new office.

Since he's in the public eye at the present time, a little more publicity won't hurt him and may help you and the company, so I'm going to use his promotion as the occasion of a few remarks.

You are all proud of his record. And so are we at the home office. I believe I ought to know how to appraise that record rightly, for I was one of two men present when this business was started, and I have kept the official tabs on the field force ever since.

You are all telegraphing your approval of his promotion; I wonder how many of you could figure out and state in one word over the 'phone the chief cause for the string of successes that have finally landed him in his present job.

What's that? Hard work, you say? Well, he certainly has that to his credit. Persistence? Yes, that's

one cause. Grit? Yes, that's another. He's square? You bet that counts also. He's a good fellow? Yes, he makes friends, and that helps. But the chief cause—the quality that sticks out in him more than in any other chap in our organization—you haven't named it yet. There are other men in our ranks with the same grit and persistence, the same capacity for working long hours, the same honesty and happy faculty of making friends. You haven't yet named—what's that? I think I heard the word—once again—Ah, that's it! That's the word!

Initiative!

He has initiative!

He can do the right thing at the right time without being told.

He winds himself up, and sets himself a-going, and keeps himself a-going, and stops himself when it is time to stop, and changes direction and goes at something else. He

makes an endless chain of this sort of action.

He's forever finishing up one thing and tackling something else. And he does it all alone, without a word from anyone, with no need of hints or advice or encouragement or prodding. He thinks up all his action for himself, and executes all he thinks up. He makes his own plans and carries them all out to the end. Most of the time nobody knows what he's doing until he comes in to report that the thing is done. And then everybody realizes that it was the right thing to do, though nobody else happened to think of it until that moment.

That's what it is to have initiative.

He has had it for a long time. He had it to my certain knowledge nine years ago, as a kid in knee-breeches, when he held a job as office boy in one of our branch offices. I remember the first time I ever saw him. He was out on the sidewalk washing the

front window as I came up to inspect the office. I had never seen any one wash windows with quite the same vigorous sweep of arm, and I commented on it to the district manager inside.

"Washed that window as if he enjoyed it," I said.

"He does," said the manager. "'Tisn't his job, either. But the janitor's sick today and as soon as the kid heard of it he ducked outside and went at the glass with his sponge and chamois skin. None of us knew of his intention until we looked out and saw him there. That boy can think of more things to do around this place in ten minutes than I could suggest in a week. And he acts on all of his thoughts, too, that's the best of it. He's a comer. If he was old enough to wear long trousers I'd give him a sample case and put him out in a territory."

The next time I heard of Champlin he WAS out in a territory—the home

territory—right in the city where our plant had been situated for fifteen years. And despite the fact that that city had been worked harder than any six square miles of space in the United States, he sold more goods in it in one month than any one of our 1,000 other salesmen sold anywhere else in twenty-seven civilized countries from Alaska to South Africa. He was high man in the hardest territory we had. That's what attracted my attention to him. I had forgotten the boy in knee-breeches of five years before, but the district manager whose windows he had washed wrote in and reminded me of the incident.

"About a year and a half after the window episode," he said, "the kid bobbed up in front of my desk one day and asked me to dictate some letters to him. I questioned him and learned that he had been studying stenography at night school. And he was on to his job, too. He went at it with

dignity—he was wearing long trousers by this time.

"He lasted as a stenographer for about a year. Then the assistant bookkeeper left, and the youngster asked for a chance to tackle his work. I found that he had repeated his night school stunt, and was right on deck with a competent knowledge of posting and billing.

"One day about a year later a prospect came into the office at the noon hour when the manager and office salesman by some chance were both out. The young bookkeeper promptly jumped down from his high stool and sold the visitor one of the highest priced articles in our line. The first we heard of it was when he handed in the order, with the signature on the dotted line O. K. and ship-shape.

"Questioning brought out the fact that he'd been studying up our catalog, advertising matter and other literature at night, and knew all it was possible to learn about our line with-

out attending the salesmen's school and getting actual experience in the field. I took him off his bookkeeper's stool for good, sent him to the school, and chucked him out into a territory, and he's been doing stunts there ever since. This getting to be the month's high man is the climax.

"He's out of my sight now—you watch him after this. In my opinion he's going to keep right on moving up the ladder. Ask him how he did his stunt last month in that worked out territory."

I sent for Champlin and put the question to him.

"Well," he said, "that territory is all right. It's a good field for our product, but those prospective purchasers had heard our regular line of talk so often in the last five years that they'd grown hardened to it. I picked out a bunch of the best prospects, and tried to make a study of each man's particular case, so as to give him an approach and a set of

arguments that would be new to him. I also got up a special set of personal letters and had my sister mail one to each of these prospects every third day to keep him thinking of my proposition when I couldn't be with him myself."

You see, gentlemen, Champlin had followed his usual method of securing results. He'd had the initiative to devise strategy of his own—to get up something new—to do something that had never been done before in that territory.

You know the rest of the story, gentlemen. You know that Champlin was later appointed instructor of the salesman's school. That's where most of you got to know him and learned to like him and his methods. You know that later he was a great success as a district manager, and now you've seen him come in to assist me in the management of the sales department.

The main asset that he will bring

to us will be not his experience or knowledge of the business or ability merely. We have other men at the home office with all of these qualifications. But he will bring us a great additional amount of that rare quality, initiative.

There is not one among us who cannot profit by reflection upon his career. He is the kind of man this company wants. You will all do well to pattern after him. There are too many men in our sales force who are like those aggravating banjos that you find attached to slot machines. One of these instruments will start up a tune when you push a nickel in the slot and play just so many minutes—then the mechanism has to have its interior tickled with another nickel before it will go on.

A salesman of this variety has to have complete instructions pumped into him before he can start anything. And when he does get started, more

instructions are needed at regular intervals to keep him going.

He is mute and inactive if you don't stand right there all the time and feed the machinery.

Now we can do some tall thinking to keep the office force in motion, and a certain amount of long distance thinking for our men on the road; but we can't do all the thinking for any man all the time.

We can't get inside any salesman's brain and pull the levers and springs of business judgment at the particular moment that his think box needs to be started up.

Yet there are some men in this force, as there are in every selling force, who seem to depend on us for this sort of thing—men who write in here from their territories to ask questions which they ought to be able to answer for themselves. They write to ask special favors which they think will boost them in this direction or prop them in that, when if they had

any initiative at all they would hustle ahead without boosting and propping. They write in to say that they have cleaned up one piece of work and ask what to do next, when they are in a far better position than the home office to know exactly what the next move should be.

Men of this sort are loiterers in the parks of life. They sit around on benches and wait until some one comes along like a policeman to suggest that they move on. They are like toads who sit calmly blinking on a wet sidewalk and refuse to hop along until you plank your foot down beside them with a thud, and then they only hop a little ways. If you want to keep them hopping you've got to keep stamping along behind them or poking them with a sharp stick. They have none of that all wool, 14 carat, hard wood finish quality—initiative, which is nothing less than the ability to do for oneself, think for oneself, start something,

keep it moving and bring it to a climax.

A man with initiative benefits more people than himself. His capability spurs everybody and everything that he touches. Initiative acts jog things up generally in every direction as the flight of a stone into the water makes expanding circles start all around it.

The world is full of examples of the expanding power of initiative force. Humanity has advanced from the stone - hatchet - and - breech-clout stage of development to its present state of amounting to something chiefly because of this quality of initiative in the occasional man.

The men who exercise initiative are builders of the world—all other people are merely tenants and janitors. They are the motors that pull the trains—vast numbers of other people are merely passengers.

When you make a day's run half way across the continent on the railroad, recollect that you might have

been jolting along in a donkey cart for a month or two if Watts and others had not had the initiative to work out an improved plan of locomotion.

The tunnels through the hearts of mountains, which save the time it would take to travel over or around them, the tall buildings that economize space and traffic in congested cities, the arc lights that make the flambeaux of our sainted ancestors look like thirty cents—and the thousands of other facilities of modern life —these all witness the supremacy of initiative brains.

There are a lot of people working in Edison's plant, but one mind is starting most of the things that are doing there. It takes a whole army to complete the wonderful things that Edison's initiative originates and gets fairly started, and the entire civilized world reaps the benefit. Edison launches a new idea, and the results widen out in circles, so to speak, to

include the people on the other side of the globe.

The men who treated the minnows in Boston harbor to British tea performed an initiative act which set other people up to similarly defiant acts;—as a result came the Revolution and the birth of a nation. Here again is an example of expanding circles.

Owing to the initiative of one man who began life as a backwoods sawyer, the integrity of the American Union was preserved and the disruption of a people prevented.

We can't all be Edisons or Lincolns, but everyone of us can show a little bit of capacity for leadership, if we try. We can at least stop leaning on someone else. We can stand alone, and start something on our own hook once in a while.

We often hear it said that experience is the best teacher. It takes hard bumps to teach most men anything. It was the loss of a good prospective

job that first brought home to me the value of initiative. A number of years before I went into this business I was assistant salesmanager in a wholesale house. I was known as a pretty good man at grinding out work after somebody else had put it under my nose and explained to me how to go ahead.

One day the salesmanager unexpectedly threw up his job. I thought that here was the chance of my life. I went to the owner of the business and asked to be promoted to the vacant place.

"Well," said the old man, "Suppose I make you salesmanager tomorrow! What things do you think of that ought to be done in that department at once? Got any schemes or plans up your sleeve—any new wrinkles—any methods for getting better results at less cost?"

I hesitated. My calculations hadn't included a consideration of these questions. I'd had my eye on

the job and its salary, not on what I would do to make good when I got it. But I had to frame up an answer, so I named over half a dozen things which the former salesmanager had started but had left hanging fire when he quit.

"But all those were Jimson's ideas, weren't they?" asked my boss.

"Yes, but he left these things unfinished," I said. "They ought to be cleaned up at once."

"But what new things do you think of?" said the old man, "things that were never done in that department before, but ought to be done?"

I cudgeled my brains to furnish up an idea, but there was nothing doing at the works. I could only stammer and scratch my head.

"Look here," said my boss, "I'll just dictate to a stenographer a few possible improvements in that department which occur to me off hand."

He did. The list numbered 36

items, every one brand new and practical. All were reeled off without a moment's hesitation.

"Now," said the old man, "I'm not working in the sales end of the business. I'm somewhat in touch with it, of course, but my mind isn't running much along this line. You should have had many more ideas than I. I want a man in that place who will think of such good things to do, and so many of 'em, and who will be able to get 'em so well started and carry 'em through so completely that he'll have me living in a state of perpetual astonishment. I don't want a caboose to hitch onto the end of this sales department—I want an engine to get up in front and pull the whole blamed train. I'm afraid you haven't the initiative to hold down the job."

And I didn't get the job.

That experience taught me the most valuable lesson of my life. I didn't sleep much of any that night, but I came back to the office the next

morning a different man. My entire viewpoint in regard to my work had altered; from that day I changed all my methods. Twelve months later I had another chance at the salesmanager's job, and this time, as a result of the change in my tactics, I landed it.

We want men in this business with the same quality of initiative that the old man demanded from me and turned me down for lacking.

We want men who can think up new ways of approaching, convincing and closing difficult prospects—men who can go up against a hard game and win out, as well as gather in the good things in the way of orders that come easily.

We don't want men who come back, after calling on a prospect, to report that his state of mind is unfavorable to our proposition. We want men who can CHANGE his state of mind. Of course his state of mind is unfavorable—if it wasn't, he

would have ordered our goods long ago of his own free will. We KNOW it is unfavorable—that's exactly why we send a salesman around to see him —to size him up and devise some way to talk him out of that state of mind into another one.

We could get a staff of messenger boys fully competent to go around and collect the orders that customers had already determined to send in to us. We don't want order takers—we want salesmen.

If you are salesmen we believe that you will have the initiative to find the way to make a sale when your prospect bolts the door against you and has a large-sized bull dog tied to the knob. We don't want you to ask us how to go at a prospect in each specific case; that's for the man on the ground to find out—you are in the best position of anyone to make the discovery. We'll give you all the instruction and training we can, but we want you to mix a little initiative of

your own with it in applying it in the field. We will send you all the assistance we can, but we don't want you to lean on that assistance as a broken cripple leans on a crutch. You have two sound God-given supports of your own—stand erect on them! Don't let yourself acquire the fatal habit of continually shouting "Help! Help!" We will help you all we can, but we want you to help us in return and the best way you can help us is to help yourselves.

Pattern after the leaders in your ranks—the clean-cut courageous hustlers who take all the aid we give them, but never wait for aid; who seize upon every good idea the house sends out, but never stop pumping up ideas from the bottom of their own minds.

Initiative can be cultivated as well as muscular force. Give your ingenuity a systematic course of training by continually thinking up new things to do. Develop your executive facul-

ties by persistently carrying out all the things that come within the reach of your duty. Equip yourself with a note book and jot down bright ideas that come to you; transform them into action when the right time arrives. Deepen your interest in the selling game, and that interest will spur your inventive power. You will soon see possibilities to which other men are blind. Jump at every chance; make the most of it while you have the opportunity. Study the methods of other successful salesmen; adopt them bodily when you are unable to improve them, think up better methods if you can. Before you know it, you will get the initiatory habit fastened on you, and when you've done that you've made one of the longest steps towards success that it is possible for you to take.

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